




THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER CHARLES STEWART.



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OF  
ALEXANDER CHAS. STEWART.

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Poems, Songs, etc.

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## PREFACE.

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### TO THE PUBLIC :

It would be more vain than foolish to attempt the extenuation of the too numerous defects accompanying these poetical sins. Like other crimes, they carry with them their excuses, and await lenient punishment.

Of the short poems, epistles and songs, I will speak shortly. They were struck off at such times as the presiding humor dictated, and, as that vagrant is noted for its vagaries, excuses are needless. Of the poem entitled *Zara*, I leave the readers to judge for themselves, which is, for the present, the best and easiest way of disposing of it. For the opening cantos of the unfinished poem, I have little to say ; the style of verse has been widely used. The master minds of the English language have used it ; Burns' *Cottar's "Saturday Night,"* Byron's "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," and Shelley's "*Adonais*," are all written in the same style, and though the two latter handled it more dexterously than the first, any of the poems would justify its usage. Shelley says that in it one must either succeed or fail. If I have failed I accept my defeat. I was induced to use the similarity of the *Pilgrim* for the facility it affords of reverting to scenes of moment, actions past and present, supposition of things to come, and disquisitions on what has been endured or what shall have been suffered. To one devoid of the ability of dramatizing, it is a refuge indeed where he can look for success,

if *only* limited. In such a character one may indulge in a portrayal of those feelings common at times to all, and to some continually present.

The few scenes pictured in Canada, whatever else they may be, are not over-dressed, and my only regret is, that I have not had such facilities as would conduce to a wider representation. The success I meet with shall decide whether my Muse will spread her feeble wing further or no. But a preface is not the place to plead for poor work ; mine shall be left, undreaded, to impartial criticism, the more so because I have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The solace which they have been and shall be to me, rejection by whomsoever, cannot deprive me of, and in the words of Byron, "The author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors." I have written fearlessly—indeed publication was not thought of till most of this volume was compiled, and the fault of every criminal is, I suppose, to fear most when the deed is done. If my readers forget something unwelcome in wandering, meditating, or dreaming with me, "I shall be satisfied." I might write a postscript to excuse the Preface, but I will refrain.

Sincerely Yours,

ALEXANDER C. STEWART.

TORONTO, May 1st, 1890.



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## STEWART'S POEMS.

### BEREFT.

Of wealth and kind companions shorn—  
Bereft of all that cheers the soul,  
In silent sadness here I mourn,  
And with the whispering winds condole.

The warbling birds amid the trees  
No welcome notes to me impart;  
The music of the quivering leaves  
Finds no response within my heart.

For all whom I have loved are flown,  
Their voices sweet I hear no more;  
And I must sorrow here alone,  
And sadly their dear loss deplore.

The ling'ring evening slowly fades,  
The birds pipe forth their drowsy notes,  
The dreary winds sigh through the shades,  
And sadness on the twilight floats.

Ah once this eve were joy to me,  
To watch the slowly fading day;  
But now it brings but misery,  
Since those I love are far away.

And even yet I hail the night  
With glad regrets, its peaceful calm  
Will for a time put woe to flight,  
And give the mourning restful balm.



But ah ! it ushers forth the dawn ;  
 The transient peace which I have known  
 Is fled, and sweet oblivion gone—  
 I greet the breaking morn alone.

Oh heartless man ! those ties so dear  
 Are not a breath of wind to thee ;  
 And why should I permit a tear  
 To grace thy faithless memory.

Oh it were sweet to wake no more,  
 To sleep for aye and all forget ;  
 To know the dream of life was o'er,  
 But something smiles and says—not yet.

Should we complain—have we not heaven  
 For which to hope, for which to live ?  
 Our God His promise us has given,  
 That He a recompense will give.

Then though the world may turn away,  
 And our affections laugh to scorn,  
 With patience we'll await the day—  
 The breaking of the heavenly morn.

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#### CAST ADRIFF.

"Think for a moment on his wretched fate,  
 whom friends and fortune quite disown."

—Burns—*Winter Night*.

#### I

The winter's here, the summer sped,  
 Grave, sober sages shake their head—  
 Now where's your summer's earning ?  
 Alas ! like many another fool,  
 I careless played with folly's school,  
 And slighted wisdom's learning.  
 Where shall I hide me from the storm  
 Of winter, fierce and wild ?  
 Will Folly clothe the shivering form  
 Of him she hath beguiled ?  
 Alas ! no, the cold snow  
 In wreaths may o'er him pour,  
 Forsaken and shaken,  
 While tempests round him roar.

## II.

In hovel dim or creaking shed,  
The wanderer, ragged, may hide his head,  
While blizzards rock the sky:

Remorse there shows his careless past,  
With all the golden chances cast

By him so heedless by.

The frozen winds drive o'er the plains,—

He hears them thunder on,

While threat'ning loud the roof-tree strains,

That looks his woes upon.

No friend then to lend then

A mite of that he gave,

Alone there to groan there,

And grapple with the grave.

## III.

On on the tempest sweeps amain,  
The hail drives through each shattered pane,  
And 'neath the shrunken door

The snows would mock the ocean's wrath,  
And hurling swell high o'er the path

That lies beneath obscure.

The plains are clad in ghostly shrouds,

The oak stands out aghast,

And shivers as the fleeting clouds

Speed on the whistling blast.

When Nature each feature

Makes each to each unknown,

What anguish to languish,

And die thus here—alone.

## IV.

Oh skies ! if ye have ever smiled,

On kindred blood new-reconciled,

Or fbemen weeping friends ;

If e'er ye saw a mother's tear

Drop blessings on her baby dear,

Whose helpless form she tends,

Abate the rage that seems to scorn

Of elements the King.

I, too, was by a mother borne,

And feel remorse's sting.

I shiver and quiver,

My bosom blood congeals,

Relent ye and grant me

The warnth repentance feels.

## V.

Oh for the budding spring again,  
 With balmy winds and welcome rain,  
     And dews of honeyed breath!  
 And eyes of sweet, delicious joy,  
 When young love raptured seeks her boy,  
     And plights her fondest faith :  
 When flowers rear their silken crest,  
     Such innocence to see,  
 And clings the crescent in the west,  
     In golden infancy.  
     What measure of pleasure,  
     To feel it all once more:  
     How careless and fearless,  
     The poorest, then not poor.

## VI.

But ah ! the pangs of death are mine,  
 Thou feeble frame, I thee resign,  
     Nor grieve this fleeting life:  
 For short indeed is pleasure's span,  
 And frail the coward heart of man,  
     When face to face with strife.  
 Then let the winds of winter blow,  
     And chill my heart to sleep—  
 Here none remain to ease my woe,  
     And none for me shall weep  
     At parting, no starting  
     From bosom friends and ties,  
 Sad hearted, deserted—  
     'Tis thus the wanderer dies !

## VII.

The sparkling morn broke o'er the hills,  
 And kissed a thousand icy rills,  
     That lisped in crystal bars,  
 And woke the joyous and the sad,  
 To see how wild the earth was clad  
     By night's tumultuous wars.  
 But one nor morn nor joy could wake,  
     For locked in death his clay:  
 One who had perished for the sake—  
     His secret with him lay—  
     The morning adorning  
     Earth brought him no delight,  
 Nor weeping, but sleeping  
     In an eternal night.

I SHOULD NOT THUS HAVE THOUGHT—I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN.

I did not think, upon that calm, clear morning,  
As I bade thee that lingering last farewell,  
That thou would'st change, and to me give no warning,  
And soon forget who loved thee, Oh, so well.  
I did not think those tears were imitations  
Of purity, to hide a faithless heart;  
Or that those loving, trembling protestations  
Were but the figures of dissembling art.

I did not dream thou could'st so soon forget me—  
That love would sleep when day had scarce begun;  
No morning mist arose to chill and fret me,  
Fair love shone forth with calm and cloudless sun.  
I did not dream that time, with icy coldness,  
Would wrap thy heart, and cause thee to forget;  
I thought the wine of love would, rich with oldness,  
Still sparkle purer in its radiance yet.

I should not thus have thought—it is but mortal  
That we should change, and even love must die;  
But thine has soonest passed that dreaded portal  
Whence comes no light to flush love's darkened sky.  
I should not thus have thought that love's fair flowers  
Would ever bloom, nor change, nor droop and fade;  
I should have known that time's fast whirling hours  
Would tread the ashes of the dear decayed.

I should not thus have dreamed thy heart's devotion  
Was pure and moveless as the granite wall  
Which braves the fury of the thundering ocean,  
But like the waves which rise, again to fall.  
I should not thus have dreamed that love unending  
Was given thee when thou must suffer death;  
I should have known the grave, on thee attending,  
Would rob e'en Love of her delicious breath.

## A STORMY NIGHT IN JUNE.

A cold, wet, dreary day in June,  
 And six long miles this afternoon  
 Have sorely shook the Muse's tune,  
     And damped her wing ;  
 But up she flutters with the moon,  
     Just list her sing.

Sweet warbler, be thy music clear,  
 Do thou entrance each list'ning ear,  
 And wing thy many-darted spear  
     Through brain and breast,  
 Till all in harmony's soft sphere  
     A moment rest.

But Now,—

“ Ah, how the wild winds blow ;  
 Loud groans the wood in angry throe,  
     And wildly-tossing pride ;  
 The rain-drops hurl from off the boughs,  
 As through their bulk the tempest ploughs  
     With strength's resistless tide.  
 The river foams with sullen snort,  
     And dull, increasing roar ;  
 And hurling, lashes in its sport  
     Far out across the shore—  
 Loud waring and snoring,  
     A music to the gale ;  
 With gushing and rushing,  
     It sweeps along the vale.”

“ Thou bard, behold the heart of man,  
 The passions of this mortal span,  
     Unmasked, unveiled by me !  
 Vile Envy's flood and foaming Vice,  
 Ambitious Lust and Avarice,  
     Rush roaring to the sea.  
 Gaze on the boasted humankind,  
     The counterpart of God,  
 In swollen arrogance grow blind,  
     Regardless of its road.  
 Its sweeping and leaping  
     O'er all that bars its way.  
 Unslacken'd tho' blacken'd,  
     It teems with wasted clay.”

"A picture this but seldom seen,  
Save dimly through a golden screen ;  
But here it meets thy view,  
Vile, naked, bare, without disguise ;  
Unmantled, in its native dyes—  
Oh, what a sickening hue !  
Does this no ample lesson teach ?  
Thou youthful bard beware ;  
Let not the moral only reach  
Thine ear, and perish there ;  
But bear it and rear it,  
A flower in thy heart ;  
'Twill shield thee and yield thee  
That naught else can impart."

"But pause ! behold another scene,—  
The glowing stars shine out serene,  
High o'er this turbid strife ;  
How brightly calm, how gently clear,  
Unmoved by all that's warring here,  
They burn in peaceful life.  
Can power's glow or glittering gold,  
Or crimsoned spoils of war,  
Compare with that you now behold,  
One tranquil, shining star.  
Remember, December,  
If love 'mid snow-wreaths cling,  
Is warmer than summer,  
If hate 'mid roses sting."

"The hour is wearing silent, late ;  
Thy beds like wives long wed doth wait ;  
Cold, pale, with heedless breast.  
'Twill suit my tired scribe to-night,—  
Poor fellow, he's a weary wight,  
And needs a virgin's rest.  
That hardly fits, but there's no time  
To make it more correct—  
Besides, it works into the rhyme,  
The which you did expect.  
But clip it, and dip it,  
The woof is woven well ;  
'Tis even eleven,  
Poise-whirr-irr-irr—farewell."



## STANZAS TO ERIN.

I cannot breathe in burning strains,  
 The glories past of Erin dear ;  
 I cannot of her verdant plains,  
 Sing as her streams, so sweetly clear :  
 I cannot of her mountains boast  
 In flowing words of keen delight,  
 Nor voice the song that shakes her coast,  
 Where meeting worlds of waves unite.

But I can love thee, Erin dear !  
 If but alone for what thou wert,  
 And I can shed a patriot's tear  
 For what, alas ! I sigh thou art.  
 Oh Erin mine ! when I forget  
 Thy wrongs may I rot 'neath a sod,  
 Whence never spring arose to wet  
 The lips of those of Freedom's God.

Shall I not speak, shall all be still,  
 Nor dare to raise a voice for thee ?  
 Shall I reject thy dow'r, the thrill  
 That freedom chain'd awakes in me ?  
 Shall vice corrupt the sacred dew  
 That bathes the brow of toiling worth ?  
 Shall freedom's strains no more renew  
 The land from whence she drew her birth ?

Must it be said thy dauntless race  
 Still bleed to rivet slavery's chains ;  
 To bind themselves to their disgrace,  
 Oh, Erin's bard renew thy strains !  
 Have they forgotten thee, thou soul  
 Of liberty's wild sweeping wave,  
 They who alone compass'd control  
 O'er him who made the earth a grave.

Must Erin weep in tortured toils  
 The while her sons, o'er land and sea,  
 For purple hands collect the spoils,  
 Nor deign to pause and think of thee !  
 I raise my voice for thee my Queen,  
 My land of birth, thou ocean gem,  
 And must I weep alone unseen,  
 Nor hear an answering sob from them.

They whom thou nursed, although in pain,  
 Ye shall awake. Awake ! arise !  
 Shall freedom's voice wail forth in vain—  
 No, shake the slumber from your eyes ;  
 Stand for your right, your right alone—  
 Oh, glorious sound of ancient days,  
 Where are the hearts thou mad'st thine own,  
 The souls which thou hast set ablaze !

No more, no more shall glory wave  
 Upon the flag of nature's dye,  
 There lives no heart and soul so brave  
 As flaunt its folds against the sky ;  
 It is not so, it cannot be,  
 There must be some who feel the flood  
 Of hearts re-pulsing to be free,  
 And dare proclaim it with their blood.

---

TO VIOLA.

Thou refuge of my soul, to thee again  
 Thy humble bard prefers his lowly lay ;  
 Extend thy welcome to his lowly strain,  
 Nor like Dame Fortune coldly turn away ;  
 A warmer glow reanimates this clay  
 E'en with the music of thy sacred name ;  
 The dull despair of life it sweeps away,  
 And fills my bosom with a tender flame,  
 Which all o'er pays the loss and vain pursuit of Fame.

What is the honor which a name can give ?  
 What empty glory to a love like thine ?  
 What joy were it in history to live,  
 And thy pure heart to never have been mine ?  
 Tho' I have worshipped Ambition's shrine,  
 Forgive my folly—it must needs have been—  
 He made us what we are, and is Divine ;  
 He is all-seeing, tho' He is unseen,  
 And stars our lives with woes and joys which intervene.

We are so helpless this remains alone  
 For us to say, when all else has been said :  
 When all the visions we have formed are flown—  
 When aches the heart, and sorrow bows the head—

When hope lies withered, all its beauty shed,  
 Who then can help us, or assuage the pain?  
 Our wild despair cannot awake the dead  
 Who sleep in silence, nor arise again,  
 Tho' tears unceasing flow. They flow, alas, in vain.

But yet we cling with faithless, fainting hearts  
 Unto a faith that lends but little aid;  
 Too feeble is the strength which it imparts  
 Unto the soul which labors sore afraid;  
 'Tis but a mirage for the sufferer made,  
 Who strains his vision as the phantom nears,  
 And when 'tis gained, thy all-beguiling shade  
 In dark and misty vapor disappears,  
 And on the soul deceived vile Falsity it sears.

This is the shadow which has changed belief  
 By its deception to a faithless scorn,  
 When woes have wooed its presence for relief,  
 When their loved idols from them have been torn;  
 When left alone in misery to mourn,  
 Tell me, believer, will it soothe thy woe?—  
 "The future makes the present easier borne."  
 Thou heartless clod, I say, it is not so,  
 My writhing tortured soul in agony cries—no.

But thou, Divine Creator, knowest all,  
 Hast weighed the burden of thy strict decree;  
 By Thee the sparrow not unseen doth fall,  
 How much more are we worthy, even we!  
 We who were fashioned in Thine imagery,  
 Formed as the mightiest in the glorious heaven,  
 Shall we not for Thy failings pardoned be?  
 Dost Thou not know the heart which Thou has given  
 To one, to each, to all, shall we not be forgiven—

If we have hearts and souls which enter not  
 Into communion with what may be just,  
 From whom were these derived? from whence the lot  
 Apportioned to our faithless forms of dust?  
 Dost Thou not know to whom Thou didst entrust  
 The heart which welcomed and the heart which stood  
 Against its maker, who endowed with lust  
 Of other things this mould of stubborn mood,  
 Which recognized Thy strength, yet Thou hast not subdued.

Yes, all Thou knowest ! 'tis enough for me  
That Thou art just, what need have we for more !  
I feel the tenor of Thy hard decree,  
In faithless faith the burden I have bore ;  
And many are the number gone before  
Who trod in silence o'er the thorny path,  
Yet deemed it not their duty to count o'er  
The many weary ills which Heaven hath  
Invested them withal—a token of Thy wrath.

But now I sink to—silence ; let it be—  
It shall not change— Adieu, my lovely queen !  
These are the lines which I may send to thee,  
Tho' far from those that might or should have been.  
But misty as futurity unseen  
Is the mind's wand'ring, when the soul's unrest  
Spurs the thoughts onward o'er a varied scene ;  
Where every sight lures on and seems the best,  
Till all are equalized within the sated breast.

My thoughts are changed ! if I could wipe this page  
So that no single trace remained behind,  
Stamp this wild raging of a wilder rage  
From out existence, with the soul and mind ;  
Could I endow it as the whirling wind  
To rave itself to nothing, could I cast  
From me forever all that would remind  
Me of its madness, if this all were past,  
Soft gliding in its train sweet peace would come at last.

But this can never be, our wish and will  
Availeth nothing with the things that were—  
The rock is shattered, but remaineth still,  
It is not lessened tho' combustion tear  
Its form to atoms, and the rending air  
Proclaims annihilation with its roar.  
Tho' rent to nothing still the weight is there,  
Although far sundered, and divided o'er  
The million miles of earth—it is what was before !

And thus this verse shall ever be the same  
Through time eternal ! nothing I could trace  
In refutation, could my voice reclaim  
Tho' good or evil, from the formless space.

Words once recorded we can not efface  
 With tears or prayers, or cutting keen remorse,  
 Which gnaws the heart beneath the smiling face ;  
 That last the worst, most hideous, hated curse—  
 The serpent which we hide that stings us while we nurse.

We all have felt it, but the few who speak  
 Are different from the rest, who silently  
 Show forth no token save the furrowed cheek,  
 The silvered hair, or lips which mournfully  
 Quiver at what wrapped in the heart they see.  
 But we are weaker, and the words will flow,  
 Or break the heart with its intensity  
 Of fruitless feeling, which not dwells below,  
 But seeks the spotless page and sears it with its woe.

This is the feeling which has filled the books  
 Since darkest ages, which are but a glass  
 Wherein upon his heart the reader looks,  
 And sees his precedent—perhaps that was.  
 Here is the matter which may give him pause ;  
 Herein is all his life, tho' not his name ;  
 Here dwells effect, and ye can guess the cause—  
 Thy woes' intuition feels it as the same  
 Which burns within thy heart with an unceasing flame !

But were I competent to wrench the whole  
 I have endured and suffered, and have borne,  
 From out that sleepless monitor—the soul,  
 How quickly from my bosom were it torn,  
 No more with drooping spirit here to mourn  
 What might have been : how happy would I be,  
 How calm the bosom which doth madly burn  
 And rave against its dark fatality:—  
 Thy struggle is in vain, thou never wilt be free !

This is the last upon this deathless scroll—  
 Deathless although dishonoured, nameless muse,  
 The unknown ravings of a restless soul—  
 Restless or mad, or worse, as you may choose  
 To call or scorn or curse, revile, refuse,  
 Or all despise, to me it matters not.  
 I scrawled them quickly ; when the soul let loose  
 A flame I only followed, nor have sought  
 Nor ask remembrance, nor yet seek to be forgot !

TO RIENE.

My Riene, with thy name this song begun,  
My Riene, with thy name this song shall end,  
For thou art all my theme, thou art the one  
To whom my soul her secrets doth extend,  
Whose loved existence with my own doth blend ;  
The vision of my days, my midnight dream,  
The being whom no power on earth can rend  
From me or from my thoughts, I fondly deem  
And know that these thou art, thou subject of my theme.

The brightest, best, most beautiful, the whole  
Of what in me is gracious, comes from thee—  
Thou passion and thou pride of my quick soul,  
Thou sacred shrine of perfect purity,  
The fount of all that ere was pure in me,  
The soul of my divinity ! Thou art  
My inspiration, all that I may be  
Breathed its existence from thy tender heart,  
That throbbed against my own with swift and trembling start.

The fairest of fond hours, when I pressed,  
In love's first, sweet delirium, to my own,  
Her snowy bosom ; when I was caressed  
By lips another's touch had never known,  
Around that hour a halo has been thrown  
That is not dimmed by time's decaying years,  
Sweet then it was, but sweeter it has grown,—  
Its glory brightens when surveyed through tears,  
And as the distance grows, more beautiful appears.

It was a life from all my years apart,  
And long tho' fleeting, and it lingers yet,  
And thrills with fond remembrances a heart  
That time with changes cannot make forget.  
'Twas an oasis in the desert set,  
A fountained spot—the pilgrim's paradise,  
As he beholds and hears the waters fret  
In rippling murmurs as they upward rise,—  
That hour was to my soul what these were to his eyes !

That fair, pure, holy love, the dream of youth,  
It stands alone on memory's crowded scene,  
A truthful recollection of the truth ;  
It is to-day what it has ever been,



Corroding time has failed to mar its sheen,  
 Or to efface its transport from the mind ;  
 Dividing years can not intrude between,  
 Or make the memory to its beauty blind,—  
 That hour is present yet, tho' all else lag behind.

Thou queen of women ! tho' I would aspire  
 To breathe a portion of the joy I feel,  
 My love is fettered with its own desire,  
 And burns expression with its fiery zeal ;  
 And I am helpless when thy beauties steal  
 From me description of delights their own.  
 On love's tumultuous passion is a seal  
 Which stifles utterance, that would fain make known  
 The tide that floods my soul and ebbs for thee alone.

Tho' I am not permitted that which I  
 Would most desire, thy beauty to express,  
 This is enough, that in the days gone by  
 I revelled in thy matchless loveliness  
 In adoration, nor was I loved less  
 By thee than thou of me ; oft have I seen  
 Thy peerless cheek suffused 'neath my caress,  
 Thy red lips answering, and my soul hath been  
 With exultation drunk,—my darling dark-eyed Rien !

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#### BONNIE JEAN.

My sparkling gem, my spotless maid,  
 My pure, sweet love, my regal queen,  
 'Midst all the places I have strayed  
 There's none like thee, my bonnie Jean.

Through many lands and o'er the sea,  
 'Through balmy groves and gardens rare,  
 I've wandered far, but memory  
 Can not recall a sight so fair.

No gem like this in foreign lands,  
 No flower like this beneath their skies,  
 No tender bud like this expands  
 To greet the love-sick breezes' sighs.

And oh ! she all belongs to me !  
The crimson flush that dyes her cheek  
Is all the answer there needs be,  
And shows more plain than word can speak,

That she is mine. She is more fair  
Than all the beauty I have seen ;  
Her laughing eyes dispel my care,  
Whene'er she smiles, my bonnie Jean.

And once she softly answered "yes !"   
And sealed the promise with a tear,  
And I—well, I will not confess,  
But she to me is very dear.

She is my own, my spotless maid,  
My pure, sweet love, my regal queen ;  
'Midst all the places I have strayed,  
There's none like thee, my bonnie Jean !

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TO MONEY.

Thou king of sinners, young and old !  
Thou glittering evil, here behold  
Thy wicked crimes so manifold,  
And die with shame.  
Wide let thy dying knell be toll'd,  
With high acclaim.

Thou sage, gray-haired iniquity,  
Promoter of man's misery !  
Blasted and withered may'st thou be,  
Of kindness shorn ;  
Receive as thou hast given me,  
And die forlorn.

Awhile thou shed'st thy golden gleam,  
With friends and pleasure life did seem—  
Around me happiness did beam—  
Dull Age and care,  
Like childish fancies or a dream,  
Forgotten were.

It seemed as though all nature smiled,  
 Gay mirth the fleeting hours beguiled ;  
 I spent, like Nature's foolish child,  
     The whirling time,  
 And never dreamed thy want had spoiled  
     Life's even chime.

Oh, false deserter ! fleeting star !  
 Thou didst my peace and pleasures mar :  
 God send thee from this world afar,  
     And not a smell  
 Of thee remain within the bar  
     Of heaven or hell.

Then may the lust that stalks amain,  
 To truth's regard be turned again,  
 And if its ardour be as fain  
     As sin to thee,  
 He'll ne'er regret the advice He's taen  
     From lowly me.

Alas ! for thou art but a curse  
 That drives a man from bad to worse,  
 To reck not, tho' he fill his purse  
     With dying gore,  
 And when the order you reverse,  
     Grief whelms him o'er.

The heaviest curse that's left in heaven,  
 To damned thee may it be given !  
 I pray thy stony heart be riven  
     With lingering throes,  
 And through thy faithless soul be driven  
     Unheard-of woes.

Thou bait of Satan's angling art,  
 In hell I pray the hottest part,  
 And every wasting, shooting smart  
     Be given thee,  
 Till with the boiling blood thy heart  
     Shall burst be.

'Tis thy fell power that aids the rich  
 O'er trembling slaves to wield the switch,

To force poor merit in the ditch,  
Unknown to lie,  
And pass him by with head a-pitch,  
And scornful eye.

Can I obey the Almighty, then,  
Who says, Man love thy fellow-men,  
And turn thy sight to Him again,  
Who wounds thy left—  
And good return for evil, when  
They me bereft ?

Of every generous impulse warm,  
That quickens us to pardon harm,  
Who, with an unrelenting arm,  
Uphold to view  
Each error, and around me swarm  
For follies new.

'Tis thou hast caused the whole of this,  
And shorn from me the elating bliss  
Of climbing fame, and fortune's kiss  
Thou hast denied,  
And in their place the maddening hiss  
Of wealth supplied.

That I am sad I'll not deny,  
For who with aspirations high  
Would see Ambition lowly lie  
In hopeless shroud,  
And not a tear bedew his eye,  
Though e'er so proud.

For had this poet not been poor,  
And wealth had lent her golden store,  
The walls of fame he had scaled o'er  
With keen delight,  
And taken from their guardian hoar,  
The laurels bright.

But still if fate decrees, I must  
No higher climb, but in the dust  
Lie low and bear oblivion's rust.  
I cheerfully  
Accept it, and, oh heaven ! my trust  
I place in thee.

But oh, 'tis hard to bear her frown,  
 Insulted nature will not down,  
 My trampled spirit from the ground  
     Cries for its right ;  
 And panting fury strains her bound  
     With maddening might !

If some should in these verses spy—  
 Or deem they do—a covetous eye,  
 I hope that power from on high  
     Their wealth may spend,  
 And when they are as poor as I,  
     They'll understand.

Perhaps 'tis best I should not know  
 The power of gold, of Good the foe,  
 And poverty is no real woe,—  
     It points the wits ;  
 In climates wherein falls the snow,  
     The folks wear mits.

#### YE SMILING HEAVENS.

Ye smiling heavens that with thy shimmering light  
 Enwrap the morning earth in jewelled dress,  
 Look ye in love, in sympathy unite  
 With me, so weary and so comfortless.

Oh lend thy brightest smile to cheer my soul ;  
 Let me no longer o'er my sorrows brood ;  
 Let me now cease to selfishly condole,  
 And nourish misery with remorseful food.

Within my heart place thy serenest calm ;  
 Let worthy pleasure dry the weeping eye ;  
 On grief's hot wounds pour forth thy cooling balm,  
 And turn to joyful mirth each laden sigh.

Let me no longer mourn the helpless dead,  
 Those smiling hopes which lie beneath the sod ;  
 Forgive the tears my vanity hath shed,  
 And cast my selfishness from me abroad.

I'll upward rise and be a man once more,  
I'll break those fetters which have prisoned me ;  
I'll cease forever idly to deplore  
Those phantoms fled for all eternity !

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EXTEMPORE.

*(To a young lady who wished to see the author writing.)*

Thou'rt dearer than the tide of life,  
Which flows for thee and thee alone ;  
More dear thy smile than is the strife  
Of hate with friends to foemen grown.

The dearest heaven holds—to thee  
If it were mine to give—were thine ;  
I would expend the purple sea,  
That sweeps for thee alone divine.

My paltry soul—what were it worth,  
If to thy smiles it did not move ;  
What were my mother's pangs at birth,  
If not to yield me to thy love !

Thou'rt dearer than the fame I feel  
Shall come to me with fleeting glow,  
But my affection is as steel,  
Outliving long the silver's show.

Thou art my joy, my peerless maid !  
My laughing girl, my dearest own ;  
From life I would have fled afraid,  
If I thyself had never known.

---

TO VIOLA WHEN ILL.

Arise, sweet girl, and smile once more,  
And from thy smile I'll breathe again  
Those pleasures I enjoyed before  
The monster filled thy form with pain.



Though to thy smile I can but sigh,  
 When I at moments love thee most,  
 It is delight gold could not buy,  
 Beyond the miser's hoarded cost.

And in thy sickness, too, I sigh,  
 But then 'tis pain—each heavy breath  
 Ends one long draught of pain : I die,  
 And breathe a long continued death.

Queen of my soul, look gay once more !  
 Be bright again, and I will be  
 Thine own glad lover as of yore,  
 Enchanted with thy smile and thee !

EXTEMPORISED AT THE REQUEST OF A VERY YOUNG  
 LADY.

If your soul is as pure as your eye,  
 You have all that a saint dare require,  
 But for me, though I know I must die,  
 I would fancy it more if on fire.

For know, gentle maiden, that nought  
 So bewitching by Nature is given  
 As the sparkle so earnestly sought  
 And purloined by Prometheus from heaven.

This fable I know is quite old,  
 And I will not vouch for its truth,  
 But the drawn allegory is gold,  
 And reads as amusement from youth.

But your eye now untutored to light,  
 Will succumb yet to natural laws,  
 And you'll find, what I mean, with delight,  
 As you hide the bright flame from its cause.

MIDNIGHT ON THE BRIDGE.

We stood at midnight on the bridge,  
 And felt the breezes softly blow ;  
 And far across the distant ridge,  
 The moon uprose with silvery glow.

The twinkling stars danced glimmering o'er  
The sky which rolled above the scene,  
And from Ontario's pebbled shore  
The murmurs swept the winds between.

And we stood silently and still,  
And breathed a joy full deep and strong ;  
Nor had we words, nor wish, nor will  
To break the peace which lay along

The quiet calm and silent night :  
Words all are needless, idle, where  
The moon and stars and shadows write  
A voiceless language in the air.

The scene was peace and joy ! God smiled  
With light'ning glances from above  
Upon the beauty He had aisled  
Amid the night, and all was love.

All, all was love, the sky, the air,  
The light'ning flash that lit the scene  
Breathed love upon the loving there,  
Around and o'er us two, my queen.

Can time mar all—no, no, not this —  
That eve long flown is still the same ;  
The throbbing heart, the good-night kiss,  
Her sweet voice trembling o'er the name :

The name, what *name* ? but let that rest !  
These are unchanged, and when there stole  
The blood which would not be suppressed,  
O'er neck and cheek how thrilled my soul !

Oh God ! what joy that hour was mine !  
In all the days which lie between,  
There is no space to equal thine,  
Or be to me what thou hast been.

The time whirls by with laugh and song,  
With tears, and death and boist'rous glee ;  
The dust to dust it strews along,  
Swift, certain, sure, relentlessly !

It clogs the memory, and it makes  
 The heart forget what it hath known :  
 Our love, they say, with youth it takes  
 Away, till self proceeds alone

But not so this ! 'mid joy and pain  
 Which through the long years intervene,  
 Unchanging shall my heart retain,  
 My love for thee, my bosom's queen !

TO OLD MRS. SCANLON, NORWAY, ONT.

*(Whom the Author saw praying.)*

Poor old woman, spare thy beads,  
 They cannot procure thee heaven ;  
 Nor is it by holier creeds  
 Life, immortal life, is given.

Would'st thou know the truth aright,  
 With thy soul behold thy past ;  
 With thy present toil unite,  
 Sink to nothing at the last.

Frail old creature, slow and lame,  
 Weeping out life's short'ning lease ;  
 Who is for thy tears to blame ?  
 Who, alas ! can bid them cease ?

Superstition's subtle spell  
 Darkens o'er thy soul its power ;  
 Woven round with cords of hell,  
 Thou dost mourning wait thine hour.

Sighing o'er thy careless sins,  
 Weeping o'er thy plotted deeds,  
 Night is passed and day begins,  
 Sadly thine old spirit bleeds.

Youth, behold departure's morn,  
 See the end of boasted age ;  
 Love and light despised, forlorn,  
 Poring o'er religion's page.

Volume old, and favorite leaf,  
Crisp with tears of silent woe ;  
Tribute of the spirit's grief, —  
Grief which it alone doth know,

Comfort fled, a feeble hope  
Waiteth only on our years ;  
Narrowed is the wished-for scope  
Which the foolish soul uprears.

Woman old and hoar and grey,  
Thou hast me a lesson taught ;  
Youth and strength will flee away,  
Wit and wisdom be forgot.

Aspirations leave the soul  
If the heart-beats linger long,  
And a fantasy control  
Those who deemed themselves so strong.

Taught me that when worldly young  
Push the weaker to the wall,  
These fall praying, psalms are sung,  
Full salvation, that is all.

Still I have myself beheld  
Youth fall doting o'er this same,  
By a nameless whim compelled, —  
Well, mankind's a flickering flame.

Every feeble wind that blows,  
Wafteth here and there his smoke ;  
Which doth fill the eyes of those  
Who assume the fiery yoke.

Some die in accepted chains,  
Rather than renounce their pride ;  
Thus it is that custom reigns,  
Thus her strength is re-supplied.

Man will kneel to his own heart,  
Ere he'll bow to public scorn ;  
And that which is his dearest part  
Is from the kindred conscience torn.

What remains he but a bark  
On Whim's fluctuating wave ;  
Bright truth quenched lest it should mark  
A warning hung o'er Falsehood's cave.

Woman, old and stiff and grey,  
Life's whole story crowns thy head !  
Like thine hairs the years decay,  
Fading first then falling—sped.

Every thread of hoary hue  
Passed, and with it some keen woe,  
Which within in secret grew,  
None to pity—let it go.

Thou hast borne naught but thy share ;  
You ye laughing of the earth  
Must the load allotted bear—  
Soon shall end your thoughtless mirth.

All the world come gaze with me  
On this universal gauge ;  
Three-score winters canst thou see,  
Aught on this unlettered page.

See thy step but ten years hence,  
Pause, behold the lines more deep ;  
See the toilers' recompense,  
O'er a withered page to weep.

Canst thou ought from this survey  
Draw to satisfy thy soul ;  
Sadly thou dost turn away,  
Hide what thou canst not control.

Two-score autumns dost thou gaze,  
Well thou may'st, for soon shall ye  
Who tread the heel of wintry days,  
Even as this shrivelled picture be.

Silver comes without being asked,  
Palay takes you by the hand,  
Youthful errors are unmasked,  
Round your memory grim they stand.

Remorse, Regret, Remembrance, bind  
A wreath of thorns around your heart ;  
Delight traverses deaf and blind,  
Wit halts, and friendships drift apart.

Sickness hisses strength's command,  
Health denies its vassalage ;  
Will with Weakness hence is fann'd,  
When you reach this pictured age.

One-score summers fresh in love,  
From thine idol wean thine eyes ;  
Think not passion I reprove,  
Ye who live in useless sighs.

But a moment, girl and boy !  
Look, behold her, she has loved ;  
Then again yourselves enjoy,  
She (not I) it was reproved.

Thirteen spring-tides have your play,  
Time enough for sorrow yet ;  
To your pleasure hie away,  
Ye alone are fools to fret.

Fools would fret you, not so I,  
Trip and gambol all the spring,  
'Neath youth's fresh, untainted sky,  
Let your clear young spirits sing.

Babyhood in cradled nest,  
You are the inverted rule ;  
You are East, and age is West,  
Man half-way—between each fool.

Age is the rejected sun,  
Thou art the aspiring day,  
Soon thou followest the one  
Whom thy light feet spurned away.

Now thou art the brightning dawn,  
Dancing o'er thy dazzling way,—  
Circling upward, downward gone ;  
Reeling into evening gray.

Down into the grave of night—  
Others fill thy vaunted place,  
Unremembering the light  
Thou hast shed upon thy race.

Woman old ! the lesson learned,  
We must thank thee for, I feel  
It has cost *all* thou hast earned—  
Ages cold concealless Seal.

Some day I may come again,  
And a different line receive;  
Life should not be wholly pain—  
Thus we trust and I believe.

But should life demand its debt,  
Ere I more thy face behold,  
Th' moral sun shall thence beget  
A brighter light,— The secret's told.

Poor old woman ! spare thy beads!  
They can not procure thee heaven;  
Nor is it by holier creeds  
That immortal life is given.

Wouldst thou know the truth aright,  
With thy soul behold thy past;  
With thy present toil unite,  
Sink to nothing at the last.

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#### TO A FRIEND.

(*An unalienable friend this Romance is inscribed.*)

You will not scorn my line, my simple line,  
Thy heart hath felt a sorrow, and can feel  
A sympathy for those whose hopes decline  
To shadowed nothings ; to a real unreal—  
You will not spurn it tho' I idly steal  
Among the gloomy records of vain thought,  
Whereon I deemed was set Oblivion's seal !  
It was but fancy, for my memory's fraught  
Still with a dreary pain I hoped I had forgot.

The memory's sad but sweet, not new yet strange,  
The eye long gazing will at last grow dim,  
The objects we encompass with the range  
Of vision will assume a shape and limb  
New tho' familiar ; thus his thoughts to him  
Who dwelt too long and deeply on the scene—  
Are fresh, distinct and mingled as the rim  
Of winter's sun that dazzles in its sheen  
The eye which looks and longs and weeps for what has been.

I do not weep—it ill becomes a man  
To wash his eyes with sorrow, but the mind,  
Which naught controls, reverts beyond the span  
Where that which filled my soul lies far behind,  
And lingers where her ashes are reclined  
Upon her virgin's pillow : all is drear,  
And cold, and dark, our fate was too unkind,  
And would not grant the boon we held so dear—  
To mingle heart and soul together even here.

I stand above my hope of distant years ;  
Above the grave of her who was my all—  
The spring of my ambition, joys and fears ;  
The queen of my heart's world, yet in her thrall  
My blood speeds swifter and my heart-beats fall  
In quick convulsive tremblings, as I hear  
The voice of other days my name recall ;  
It floats full, softly, sweetly to my ear,  
But 'tis a dream, for I alone am mortal here.

She died ! it was—yes, many years ago,  
The world knew not my sorrow— but to me  
It was my first and last and only woe,  
And 'tis enough that I have lived to see  
And feel my heart still owe supremacy  
To that which now is nothing save a name !  
This is sufficient, since it could not be—  
She died and she was buried,—'tis the same  
That death accords us all, yea, the destroyer came !

I see it even yet, I feel it now,  
As but a single day did intervene,—  
The love which mantled o'er her cheek and brow,  
Her sparkling, dewy eyes, my smiling queen !



The happy fair who rang the joyous scene,  
The flowers, the feast, the lights, and to the sky  
The silver crescent clung, the stars between  
Looked lovingly on us, while from her eye  
To meet my happy own, her love flashed smilingly.

It was an eve of revels, 'neath the dome  
The dancers flew on winged and fairy feet ;  
There for the present pleasure made her home,  
Smilingly glancing o'er a scene as sweet  
As dreamed-of heaven holds in her retreat.  
We mingled with the rest ; and if we were  
A wonder to the gazers it was meet—  
For never eye beheld a purer pair,  
And we were young and gay, and she at least was fair !

It was too deep to last—the hours flew  
Loved but unnoticed in their lovely flight ;  
The silver moon to ocean nearer drew,  
And dawn usurped the dreamy throne of Night :  
And many a dark eye glancing keenly bright,  
Lulled by the hours, drooped and softer shed  
Its brilliancy around : the early light  
Found empty halls, while swiftly homeward sped  
Those who had danced the night into a dawning red.

But what were these to us—I half forgot  
They were so beautiful, and each one dear—  
We did not dream of them, they did not fret  
Our memories of love while we were near  
Our worlds, each other—love's enchanted sphere :  
But we were parting—oh, that little hand !  
The tender eyes, the soul's expectant tear,  
The meeting lips which thrilled us as a wand  
By heavenly fingers waved whence joys around expand.

Farewell ! 'twas all, our lips could say no more,  
But clung and stifled words, her beating heart  
Unto my own was pulsing, as tho' o'er  
Its lily-like encumbrance it would start :  
We had not for the moment strength to part,  
Then with unuttered prayers from dewy eyes  
I left her bosom with an anguished dart  
Piercing my soul, I could not deem her sighs,  
Another meeting's hope, my soul wrung with surmise.

I looked and paused a moment ; she was pale,  
Her eyes were like two stars, so sadly clear ;  
Her bosom heaved her heart beat as a gale  
Of tiny breezes. Slow the aching fear  
I tried to stifle to my life, drew near,  
I could not quench it, I could scarcely clasp  
The graceful form ere life did disappear,  
Her warm blood ebbing as she tried to gasp  
The name she loved alone—Death wrenched her from my grasp.

I saw her gazing her last time—o'er me  
A feeling like to death assumed control ;  
I saw her weeping her last tear while she  
Tried to embrace me with her fleeting soul ;  
I saw my lily as the bloom was stole  
From her pure cheek which never more would warm  
Beneath my kisses ; I had reached the goal  
Of my existence in a silent storm  
Of woe ! I sat and held her slowly-stiffening form !

I tried to weep—the tears burned in my breast  
Like lightnings in their cloud, but would not forth ;  
I thought to stir, I could not break that rest,  
It seemed her clay still held me to the earth :  
I tried to kiss her, but there was a dearth  
Of action, save in thought which seemed to light  
Her now fast glazing eyes, whose glancing mirth  
Had smiled the hours away, now coldly bright,  
Devoid of all which was delightful to delight.

I closed her eyes, I could not bear to look  
On their dead beauty ; 'twas a fearful thing  
To see them when the lightning had forsook  
Their darkling depths, and softly murmuring  
A farewell blessing on the broken ring  
Of *our* ambition, floated from my own :  
And thus it is no marvel if I bring  
A tribute from love's fountain, there are none  
So dear as is her grave, which I have made my throne—

Whereon I sit in sorrow's robes arrayed,  
With vassal memories at my command,  
And audience the departed and decayed ;  
With breaking heart I clasped the mouldered hand.

But 'tis a phantomed truth, alone I stand  
 'Mid many formless fancies—all are sped,  
 No conjuration, no magician's wand  
 Can summon from the grave its silent dead—  
 Alone ! alone ! I live and breathe a life that's fled !

I can no more, and now my soul will rest  
 In its exhaustion, like a tired child  
 Sleeping in sighs upon its mother's breast ;  
 I dare no more, my brain grows darkly wild,  
 For, like a serpent with its length uncoiled,  
 It thrusts its memory's fangs with vicious sting,  
 I can no more ! my theme of life is spoiled,  
 I love thee and would not my sorrow bring  
 To thee to fill thy soul that but with joy should ring.

Tears are but useless ! were they not she would  
 Be dewed to life with gems of purest love ;  
 Prayers are but idle ! if not so I could  
 Make heaven hear, and with her voice reprove  
 The Death which tore her from me—I could move  
 If feeling sways the Infinite, but now  
 I know that all are vain, for naught above  
 Has hearkened to my wailing from below,  
 Nor granted aught to soothe my bitterest, dearest woe.

I have no feeling, now I only live  
 Because perforce I must, and if I am  
 At times rebellious, wilt thou not forgive ?  
 The wild and wayward flickering of the flame  
 Of dying sorrow (idle, empty name,  
 It dieth not but smoulders) breaketh forth  
 In its wild longing for what never came—  
 Wilt thou not pardon my unruly mirth,  
 And my cold, bitter words which have from thence their birth !

This was not work, or else my task were done,  
 Whate'er it is 'tis finished unto thee,  
 (Who knoweth now the victory which is won ?)  
 Is granted that none else shall ever see.  
 Let this entombed between us ever be  
 The grave of idle words which wound the heart :  
 My soul's envenomed, but 'tis not of me,  
 'Tis memory's pains which wing the piercing dart,  
 Farewell ! above this grave united let us part !

TO F. W. MONTEITH, ESQ., EAST TORONTO.

While moaning winds are sweeping by,  
Beneath the bleak October sky,  
    Among the mourning leaves ;  
While drive the cold autumnal rains,  
Upon the bare and soddened plains,  
    And dying nature grieves—  
To wile my thoughts from care away,  
    And pass the heavy time,  
I write to thee if dare I may  
    Address thee with a rhyme.  
    Tho' humble I stumble,  
    My musie rambles on,  
    Dejection, reflection  
    Ne'er cast her eye upon.

It were, yes, madness to reflect,  
And would a lighter heart deject  
    Than this poor bardie bears ;  
For I have sinned and sinned again,  
And caused myself and others pain,  
    And curs'd my life with cares.  
But we'll forget that these have been—  
    'Tis useless to deplore—  
Let us enjoy the present scene,  
    And backward look no more.  
    We'll live then, and give then  
    The devil what he's worth,  
    We'll never dis sever  
    Ourselves from wit and mirth.

For some we know forever weep,  
And some there are like tears who sleep  
    Their life a winter long ;  
But we can live and we can change,  
And as our fate behests us, range  
    'Mid sorrow and 'mid song.  
For who would never wipe the tears  
    From Woe's regretful eye,  
But quail like cowards in their fears  
    From Hope's illumined sky—  
    She leaves us and grieves us,  
    But yet I would not cease  
    To near her and share her—  
    Though momentary—peace.

Then let us laugh the smiling day,  
 And chase with hope our fears away—  
     'Tis time enough to mourn  
 When sorrow's path we cannot shun,  
 And when we know it must be done  
     Press on, it *can* be borne,  
 For heaven never formed a soul  
     Too weak to bear its woe,  
 Omnipotence doth well control,  
     The fates of those below,  
     And sees all our glees all,  
     Our sorrows and our cares,  
     And nears us and hears us  
     In our acknowledged prayers.

What need have we for love of men,  
 When we commune with heaven then,  
     But I forgot the maids !  
 Ye beauties all, forgive the muse,  
     *She's* apt to play the fast and loose !  
     I'm glad *He's* in the shades.  
 Those masculine propensities  
     Can never be forgiven,  
 But feminine immensities  
     Are small in sight of heaven,  
     For we know and feel so,  
     'Tis sanctioned with our eyes,  
     Maids, that you're a one, sure,  
     Tho' fleeting paradise.

But now, Monteith, 'tis getting late,  
 And soon the cock will rise like fate,  
     Expand his wings and crow ;  
 The morn will ope her dewy eyes  
 Upon this world of tears and sighs,  
     And night shall Westward Ho !  
 And if I would be up to see  
     The bright, young jewelled day,  
 I'd better bid good-night to thee,  
     And to my bed away.  
     But midnight's the best light  
     For poetry and love,  
     A poet, I know it,  
     How handy were a glove.

But as all things draw to an end,  
So must my rhyming, now, my friend,  
    Like boys in love and wine—  
They have another ere they go,  
The farewell kiss or glass or so,  
    And we will have a line ;  
And if the number should be more  
    Than we've agreed upon,  
Just like the millions, think it o'er  
    And have another one  
    To end us, and send us  
    Rejoicing on our way,  
    And singing, night bringing  
    A brighter, better day.

But for the present time, good-night !  
And may the future be more bright  
    For all, for you and I ;  
And may the breath of heaven fan  
The dewy brow of weary man,  
    As he doth sleeping lie.  
And all ye poets not asleep,  
    But peering into space,  
Whom your nocturnal vigil keep  
    With wrinkled brow and face—  
    To beds now, your heads now  
    Deserve, I'm sure, God knows,  
    A soft crown of white down—  
    Good-night and sweet repose !

---

TO R. STEPHENSON.

I crave your pardon, Robbie dear,  
If rude to you I should appear  
    In patching up a rhyme  
To greet yourself, who feels the flow  
Of perfect verse, and well doth know  
    The truly true sublime !  
But I could not resist the wish  
    To proffer you a line,  
Although it cannot be "a dish  
    For gods," because it's mine.  
I send it, befriend it,  
Reject it not because  
Its rumbling and stumbling  
    Profane poetic laws.

I feel I fail the stirring strain  
 That moves the heart and floods the brain  
     With fancies fast and rare ;  
 But 'twill be quite enough for me  
 If I can pen a verse to thee  
     That's worth thy friendship's care !  
 Thou art the only man whose heart  
     E'er granted, full and free,  
 Those thoughts too sacred for the art  
     Of tongued society.  
 The dearest and nearest  
     I feel and know are thine ;  
 Thy fairest and rarest  
     I mingle thus with mine.

What tho' we walk in humble life,  
 With want and woe wage daily strife,  
     And for sustenance toil—  
 Do we not feel the sacred glow  
 Of friendship's dear immortal throe,  
     And love-endearing wile !  
 More keen than that satanic breed,  
     With bosoms made of steel,  
 Who deem increasing labour's need  
     Adds to their selfish weal.  
 But let us not fret us ;  
     We're just as good as they  
 Who pass us, and class us  
     Beneath their lordly clay.

I must confess I've foolish been,  
 And stooped to note the princely spleen  
     Of nature's bastard lords !  
 But 'tis not wealth that makes the man,  
 Nor wif nor learning ever can—  
     With all their tortured words—  
 Construe a form without a soul,  
     To own that cherished name ;  
 It is those feelings which control  
     And regulate the frame.  
 No more then, deplore then,  
     But live as best we may,  
 Rejoicing and o'joying  
     The pure heart's ruling away.



I don't intend (as tho' I could)  
To pierce the philosophic wood,  
And moralize at length  
On life's rechanging various ways,  
Where vanity so often strays—  
Secure in ignorant strength !  
I mean to rhyme just as I'd speak  
To you, if you were here,  
And don't intend to idly seek  
What I can never near.  
The muse will, I know, ill  
Reward my deeper thought—  
Delaying and praying  
Her flame was never caught.

I know this is the mode with me,  
If I just let my fancies free,  
And pen the first that comes ;  
My pencil dances o'er the sheet,  
As though endowed with fairy feet—  
'You bet !' she fairly hums !  
I know that sounds a trifle stale,  
But that's no reason why  
I should the muse's whim curtail—  
That I will never try.  
I'll let her bring better ;  
If she should chance to choose  
A good verse or rude worse,  
I'll never aught refuse.

This strain belongs to Bobbie Burns,  
And suits his quickly turning turns  
Unto the finest hair ;  
But I confess it troubles me  
To turn as quickly round as he  
Who trod the banks of Ayr :  
For his was one great master mind,  
Whose like hath never been,  
Yet I am something of his kind—  
I love my "Bonnie Jean !"  
But in all his sin all,  
I won't participate ;  
I like him, but strike him  
When he grows too elate.

Sweet slumber wrap thine honored dust—  
 Thou whom the muses did entrust  
     With heart and soul of song ;  
 Thy land shall hail thee, while a breast  
 Of Scotland's fire is possessed  
     With praises loud and long—  
 The son of Scotia, Scotia's sun,  
     Her heart's most cherished name !  
 Yea thine it is, for thou hast won  
     A never fading fame—  
 The fairest, the rarest,  
     The truest child of song !  
 Thy lyre with fire  
     Yet thrills the world along !

I've not pathetic humor now  
 For writing praises you'll allow,  
     I want to rattle on  
 In a swift, serio-comic style ;  
 I've not the time to pause and pile  
     The worship just begun,  
 So Burns and you will please excuse  
     The writer or the crank—  
 The first I know will not refuse ;  
     For you, I will not thank  
 Your favor with savor  
     Of would-be, oh, so nice !  
 You're pleased that I've ceased that,  
     And put it on the ice.

I don't much like this sort of rhyme,  
 And count it little short of crime  
     To waste my goodly brain ;  
 For yours, a snap I do not care—  
 Because, you have an extra share,  
     While I—I'm scarcely sane—  
 I don't intend to flatter you,  
     And to despise the bard ;  
 The first I know I could not do,  
     The second's 'bout as hard,  
 But we'll go just as slow  
     In these as fate permits,  
 To recommend or discommend  
     Yourself's a waste of wits.

In one the public say you lie,  
Don't say't perhaps, but look so sly  
    You can't mistake the meaning ;  
And in the other case you know,  
You fancy, " well, 'tis scarcely so,"  
    Your vanity thus screening.  
We are vain-glorious mortals all,  
    We love to deem we're wise ;  
Through this Eve caused her husband's fall,  
    And lost a paradise !  
    Oh, woman ! thou demon  
    Of many smiling parts—  
    Thou maker and breaker  
    And keeper of our hearts !

Oh womankind, thou first of joys,  
Although thou makest us men thy toys,  
    We love thee fondly still !  
What could supplant thy laughing eyes,  
Or what could thrill us as thy sighs,  
    Altho' artistic skill  
We know they are—and to our cost  
    The knowledge dear is bought.  
But tho' thou hast our Eden lost,  
    With thee it still is fraught ;  
    Receive us, nor leave us  
    Till weary thou hast grown,  
    Then grieve us, deceive us,  
    Yet still we are thine own !

God bless your lying, painted faces,  
You bustled, padded, curl'd graces,  
    You similes of Eve ;  
You're more endeared unto my heart  
By each new fangled fashion's art  
    Than ever—by your leave—  
I ask your leave because I know  
    That you'd have me repeat  
The compliment that tends to show  
    You grace the artist's feat.  
    You darlings ! you starlings !  
    I like you all save one,  
And she has what once was  
    My heart, ere she begun

Her sighing, smiling, tearful ways,  
 Upon that prompter of my lays—  
     God bless you all, I say !  
 I would not have the devil get  
 His sisters, or at least not yet ;  
     I'd grant you time to pray.  
 Am I not good ? Could I be else  
     When I with you have been  
 My whole life-long, except those spells  
     When sleep would intervene  
     Between us, and screen us  
     So cruelly from each other,  
 And this boy was forced hie  
     Himself unto his mother.

But Bob, you're past that part of life  
 When courting counts ; besides, your wife  
     Like all wives, must be jealous,  
 And does not pause to ponder on  
 The time when she was badly gone  
     On your preceding fellows.  
 'Tis strange a woman soon forgets  
     Her sins, *if she have any*,  
 But o'er her husband's error frets,  
     As if the one were many.  
 So tearful and fearful  
     Lest we should fall astray,  
 She pleads us, and leads us  
     Into her *sinless* way.

Perhaps I've been a trifle hard,  
 A fault at times of every bard—  
     'Tis better than be soft ;  
 Yet still, I deem them all divine,  
 At last that *star* which I call mine,  
     (I love to look aloft !)  
 And women are the only heaven  
     That men have ever seen.  
 If I am wrong I'll be forgiven,  
     You know the cause, I ween,  
 You must know if not—no—  
     I could but will not tell ;  
 Besides, I've my doubts of  
     There being an hot—el.

If ladies are displeased with this,  
For vengeance I'll allow them kiss  
The first moustache they meet ;  
But I surmise that they are pleased,  
Because they love so to be teased—  
They deem it, oh, so sweet !  
They hate those silly, gawking men,  
Who sanction all they say ;  
They much prefer to fight it, when  
They want their woman's way.  
They wear us and tear us,  
Just as they would a dress,  
And fit us and twit us,  
To show our loveliness.

But I must bid a late good-night,  
Disclaiming hate, or pride, or spite  
'Gainst aught of womankind ;  
And any female fraud who knows  
The writer of this tortured prose,  
Can vouch in heart and mind  
That 'tis the truth—but Bobbie dear,  
I know you must be tired,  
So I will end by saying here  
(What more could be desired)  
That I love each sweet dove,  
If distant from me placed ;  
Though I expect to hear direct—  
The poet is two-faced.

This last verse is for you alone,  
The night hath into morning grown,  
The fire long expired ;  
I failed to sleep enough last night,  
Because two stars diffused their light  
On him who now feels tired.  
So here's a sleepy hand for you—  
Excuse me if I should  
Mistake, with my distorted view,  
Yourself for something good.  
Then good-night ! it's all right,  
By Jove, old boy, you know  
I'm sleepy and creepy,  
With cold—yawn—good-night—so !

## TO SAMUEL LUTTRELL, ESQ.

So Sam I'm told your pledge you broke,  
 Once more you're hitched in Satan's yoke,  
 Sure now you'll make his chariot smoke  
     On speedy wheels ;  
 Since Nick, the cloven-footed bloke,  
     Is at your heels.

Alas ! man, will you never mend ?  
 Oh tell me where do you intend  
 The long eternity to spend—  
     In heaven or hell ?  
 Oh, lad ! survey the awful end—  
     Think o'er it well !

You know it grieves your — — — sore,  
 When you go off in such galore,  
 And make the taverns nightly roar  
     With drunken rant ;  
 And grant the gossips space to pour  
     Their sneering cant !

Now kindly list to what I say—  
 Leave off your sinful, drunken way,  
 Or Parson Tom will cease to pray,  
     And you'll be lost ;  
 And your immortal soul must pay  
     The fearful cost.

No more he'll crook his stately shanks  
 To plead for thee, "Thou king of cranks,"  
 Unless thou offerest heaven thanks—  
     Thy sins deplore,  
 And cease thy mad, unholy pranks,  
     And drink no more !

Dost thou suppose that he will pray  
 For thee, thou sinner, every day,  
 And for an hour preach the way  
     On sabbath night,  
 If thou persistently will stray  
     Far from the light ?

Now you are young and handsome too—  
Your talents number not a few—  
Their use the Lord has given you  
    To aid His cause,  
But now you help a drunken crew  
    To break His laws.

If you reform, you graceless boy !  
Earth's journey you may yet enjoy,  
And trouble shall no more annoy  
    Your fleeting life ;  
Besides, you'd win a maiden coy  
    To be your wife.

Now grasp this chance, as 'twere the last,  
This precept take and hold it fast—  
Both fore and aft thine anchors cast,  
    And moor them well,  
For fear that sin's remorseless blast  
    Blow thee to hell !

Perhaps you'll angry be at this,  
And may my "good intentions" hiss,  
But don't take my advice amiss,  
    For I've been there,  
And know exactly how it is—  
    So lad, beware !

---

THE EAST TORONTO I. O. F. COURT DIRECTORY.

Oh, stranger ! lest you should be puzzled  
When coming to visit our court,  
If you'll keep the angry ones muzzled,  
I'll give you their motions in sport :  
You might search the hemispheres over,  
And planets celestial too,  
But their equals you'd never discover,  
    Tho' you travelled the universe through.

The first is the deputy Boston,—  
His lot 'tis the hungry to feed,  
But the finish philanthropy lost on—  
    He leaves his own hungry to knead.



Then Pickard, the portly Chief Ranger,  
Whose fundament smothers the Chair—  
To speak of his wisdom's a danger,  
Lest critics might *basely* compare.

Then here you'll find Shaw, the physician,  
Who'll drug you to heaven off-hand ;  
Given talents to win the position,  
He might be the lord of the land.  
Next Mothersill, branded for cloutie,  
The orthodox know it quite well ;  
They're seizing sin's contraband booty,  
To buy him a ticket for hell.

There Booth, as a woodward elected,  
He stepped into office too soon,  
Yet the titles are slightly connected —  
They say he's a big *wooden* spoon.  
There too is our fine Brother Crandell,  
The man with the mole on his ear ;  
The pitcher of fun lacks the handle  
Whenever he fails to appear.

There's delicate Drew at his duty,  
The chaplain that prays by the book ;  
It would make even Satan more sootie,  
To gaze on his sanctified look.  
Beside him is brother McCulloch,  
Who, when he has weathered life's storm,  
Will hustle to Satan, his fellow,  
And take out a share in the firm.

Behold next our grave William Grogan,  
Obeying his conscience' demands,  
His tongue wears a heavenly brogue on—  
I'll not say as much for his hands.  
Next look upon fine brother Curran,  
Who, if he's as sound as his name,  
No mongrel can e'er cast a slur on  
Himself or the land whence he came.

There's honest old Christy the builder,  
Who does many mansions prepare,  
No *glory* or *faith* to bewilder—  
Eleven a month takes you there.

And Stephenson, plausible bladder,  
Who though he's the Reeve of the town,  
And hangs to the top of the ladder,  
Will very soon have to come down !

Next gaze on our gay Alexander,  
The stone and lime dealer so sly ;  
He hankers with females to wander,  
But can't stand a minister's eye !  
In rank with him, Ronchey the writer,  
Whose tongue is his most valiant part—  
Alone, heaven knows which is lighter,  
His miserable head or his heart.

Now please do not start when you see it,  
“ Alas ! then what is it ? ” you cry,  
“ A lion,” “ oh no,” “ what may be it ? ”  
“ The donkey McKay passes by.”  
His hybrid there follows behind him,  
The finest old mule in the pack,  
Old Satan himself could not bind him—  
He'd kick with the court on his back.

There's Richardson (don't say I told it),  
Whose delicate wit is so fine  
You never could hope to behold it,  
Unless you had glasses divine.  
And Clay, with his sound constitution,  
And morals I hope of the same,  
A touch of conformity's tuition  
Would make his endowments look tame.

And Grandell the second, a member  
Who's usually limpid and tame ;  
I cannot at present remember  
Their names, but there's many the same.  
There's Treble a member whose beauty  
(Of his wit there is nothing to say),  
Proclaims him an angel off duty—  
But then don't the angels drink *tay*.

There's Smith, every member respects him,  
Because that he never will fight ;  
Equality always directs him  
So well that his actions are right.

And Thom, whose bright moral from fire  
Warns hypocrites think of their souls,  
He says when they've won their desire  
'Twill fade like his station in coals.

There's Stephenson younger, whom friendship  
Might warn not to open out fast,  
The speedy will oft ere the end trip,  
The slow pace is surest to last.  
There's Curran the second,—be aisy,  
You tread on a slippery trail,  
For though many may think you're a daisy,  
As many may think you are stale !

There's Liddell and Denny together,  
Well ! let the remaining part go—  
Say, stranger—I fancy the weather  
Looks slightly as if it might snow !

There's Jerry Deleaud—he's a dandy,  
And picking up wrecks is his game ;  
I hope that he'll prove himself handy,  
If some should discover my name.  
And then there is Alex. the poet,  
Whose advocates lie on the shelf—  
His merit there's very few know it,  
In fact, I think only himself !

There's Parker,—a hand to your lordship,  
And forcible feet to your foes ;  
Your manliness feels it no hardship,  
To tell them the truth to their nose.  
I'd give much of what I have little  
For one or two more of your stamp :  
By heaven ! we'd boast of a mettle  
Most rare in our Forester's camp !

There's Hawkins, a councilman handsome—  
I wish I could say he was wise ;  
But I'll tell you in private, he's grandiose,  
Though some may accuse me of lies.  
There's now reinstated McCarty—  
I hope he'll keep up with his dues ;  
A man like himself strong and hearty,  
Should never his payment refuse.

The next is the pastor, whose presence  
Still teaches a lesson of *length* ;  
Faith ! it's here he'll find use for that essence  
So noted for value and strength ;  
" What's this ? " " why it's Burns, the detective,  
Quite a thing in its way, on the whole—  
You see his poor brain is defective,  
So he's booked on the constable's roll."

Ah ! yes sir, our charter—we draped it,  
For one noble brother is gone,  
His fate the Supreme Chief has shaped it—  
He crossed o'er the river alone,  
We laid him to rest, not with sorrow,  
Because he is sleeping in peace,  
In hope of the coming to-morrow,  
When darkness and trials shall cease.

His widow and orphans shall never  
Be suffered to want for their bread ;  
Our Order, united forever,  
Shall see all our fatherless fed.  
You see, though we're sometimes hot-headed,  
When affliction calls out in distress,  
The love in our bosoms imbedded  
Immediately seeks to redress.

Besides, when one looks on that charter,  
It always will soften the tone ;  
And it makes every member much smarter  
To claim every brother his own.  
You think you would like to enrol, sir,  
Most welcome to our forest home ;  
And to you and to every soul, sir,  
My blessing wherever you roam.\*

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\*NOTE—The above poem was written by a friend and brother Forester of mine, and was inserted in this volume at his special persuasion. It is styled "The Court Directory," and represents a stranger being introduced to the members of the court by one of the brethren. At first I had some doubt as to the generosity of the writer, but after being assured that it was perfectly good-humored, I consented to its insertion. I must also remark, for the benefit of those whose names appear herein, that the writer empowered me to disclose his identity in case of any turbulence threatening me ; indeed, that I made one of the provisions of its presentation.

A. C. STEWART.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THOMAS RATCLIFFE,  
Y.M.C.A. SEC., FOR CHICAGO.

Alas ! alas ! oor Ratcliffe's gane,  
Oor bonnie jewel tae he's taen,  
Noo mony a damsel's heart wi pain  
Will burst in twa ;  
Syne he the pride o' a' the plain—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

Whar wull we seek for common-sense,  
And virtue free frae vile pretence,  
Noo sin gaes gamb'lin owere the spence—  
Devoid o' law,  
Syne he wha was the gospel fence—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

While he was here Lust howled in chains,  
Hypocrisy lay racked wi' pains,  
Noo Vice wi' visage black disdains  
Religion's claw ;  
And leerin' chows her poor remains—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

Gane is oor stay, gane is the man  
Wha drilled the orthodoxic clan ;  
The unbacked gospel-meere may stan'  
Wi curbleas jaw,  
Nae mair she'll rin as yince she ran—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

Ance in the saddle how he rode,  
Sin's winded nags sank on the clod,  
Auld clootie's jades, that whusky shod—  
He beat them a'.  
His equal never spurned the sod—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

The widowed Kirk may don her crape,  
Her gracefu' form in anguish drape,  
For Satan rears his hellish shape  
And ghastry paw,  
He wha had taen him by the nape—  
Ratcliffe's awa !

Na mair, tae the revival morn,  
Auld Orthodox will blaw her horn,  
Or cry "Ye sinners vile return,  
And swall ye're maw  
Wi' water frae Redemption's burn"—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

Na mair the Lord's lang bird wull fling  
Upo' the blast his spreading wing,  
But lanely noo he'll croonin' sing,  
While tears doon fa ;  
"The kirk has lost her second king—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !" .

Wi infidelity embossed,  
Crime's banner tae the winds is toss'd,  
But wha wull gar the saintly host  
Wi' vict'ry craw ?  
Their leader, sword and shield is lost—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

But totterin' noo on feckless leg,  
Puir Orthodox maun quarter beg—  
Alas ! sae changed ! ance like a stag  
She galloped braw,  
Past every atheistic nag—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

Auld Beelzebub his gums may bare,  
And smack his lips owere her despair,  
On sic' a feast he wull not spare  
His fiendish jaw ;  
But flesh his fangs wi dainty care—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

The elders o' the kirk may groan,  
May ask for bread and get a stone,  
He that has hushed their hungry moan  
Wi' gospel taw,  
Picks 'neath a foreign sky his bone—  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

Mourn, loudly mourn, ye faithfu' few,  
Black is ye're bread and thin ye're stew ;  
Ye're breeks drap owere, ye're hurdies noo  
Wi famine's shaw ;  
Syne he wha' dealt provision due —  
Ratchliffe's awa' !

Maist metrical of choirs, wail !  
 Pour tears and notes like rain and hail ;  
 Bequeath to every passing gale  
     Ye're mournfu' saw ;  
 For he who was ye're heid and tail—  
     Ratcliffe's awa' !

Nick's troops may a' on furlough go,  
 The campaign's ended at a blow,  
 Na mair they've cause to dread the foe—  
     The gospel raw,  
 Sleep on their arms beneath the snow—  
     Ratcliffe's awa' !

If fate had spared his presence here,  
 Hell's myrmidons had sought their sphere,  
 An' we had naething mair tae fear,  
     While winds wad blaw :  
 But first and last the secret's there—  
     Ratcliffe's awa' !

Though, Ratcliffe, we're bereft of thee,  
 Thou always shalt remembered be ;  
 A lang guid-night wi' tearfu' e'e  
     And this for a' !  
 Oor heartiest blessings aye gang wie—  
     Ratcliffe awa' !

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#### A REVERIE.

While wild October's whirling blast  
 Howls through the leafless glen,  
 I sit and ponder o'er the past,  
 And live it all again.  
 Across the min'<sup>l</sup> with steady flight  
 There sweeps a long array  
 Of visions, warm and pure and bright,—  
 The sunbeams of a day !

I see a home, a happy place,  
 With tiny prattlers two,  
 A mother robed in youthful grace,  
 A father kind and true.



The gladsome years wing lightly by,  
And change the opening scene :  
A larger circle meets the eye,  
A circle which—hath been.

I see a churchyard by the sea,  
A grave with flowers fair,  
And *one* is sleeping silently  
Beneath the roses there.  
Another churchyard far away,  
Beyond the ocean wild,  
Contains her unpolluted clay,  
The second lovely child.

The days glide by—behold it now,  
Another place called home,  
The parents old with wrinkled brow,  
Beneath a stranger dome.  
The years have added flowers to  
The garland which was wove  
Of lilies fair, and fresh and new,—  
Sweet images of Love.

The years roll by, its beauty's glow  
Is withered and decayed,  
The fairest buds are blasted now,  
The lonely remnants fade :  
No more—no more Love's sacred tears  
May not renew the wreath,  
Till Time with his consuming years  
Shall garland them in Death!

Alas ! alas ! oh broken faith !  
Would thou hadst never been,  
Since Envy's vile, polluting breath  
Could desolate thy scene.  
Cold is the heart that does not weep  
Above thy ruined shrine,  
And dark the soul whose tears can sleep  
Whilst thou dost crushed recline.

Once, while in union bloomed those flowers,  
Death was their only dread,  
Destruction darker than the hours  
Hath all their beauty shed :

And now, death's were a welcome frost  
 To those which lone decay,  
 Since all their mutual glory's lost,  
 And love hath passed away.

But forth from earth's corroding clay  
 These flowers yet shall fling  
 Their tender buds to greet the May  
 Of God's eternal spring !  
 And mingled they shall there expand,  
 Completed promise forth—  
 No mortal desolating hand  
 Shall blast them at their birth !

Eternal glory be thine own !  
 Thou Saviour of the world !  
 Thine is the *one Almighty* throne—  
 Thy flag was never furled !  
 Shall we not trust Thee to the end,  
 Shall they not bloom once more,  
 And their sweet breath commingl'd blend  
 Upon Thy tranquil shore !

TO MR. JOHN DALY.

Farewell ! the last farewell old friend,  
 I'm proud that nature did not bend—  
 Tho' every word my heart did rend  
     With torture's throe !  
 I smilingly attained the end,  
     In outward show.

The parting grasp of friendship dear,  
 Brought to my eyes the starting tear,  
 I crushed my sorrow with the fear  
     'Twould overflow.  
 I did not wish when you were near  
     That you should know.

But now when you are far away,  
 I'll tell you in this simple lay  
 The world has lost its cheering ray—  
     Since thou art gone,  
 And dreary night brings sadder day,  
     Since I'm alone.

The snow-wreaths seem no longer white,  
Nor day more clear than gloomy night,  
The matchless blue of heaven bright  
    Is vaulted hell !  
Engrossing toil brings no respite.  
    The sabbath bell

As it proclaims the hallowed rest  
Finds no response within my breast ;  
The sunlight fading in the west  
    Brings no repose,  
And winter reigns with cruel zest  
    And whirling snows.

Within this bosom, cold and drear  
Which lately, Jack, when thou wert near,  
Had never felt a care or fear,  
    Nor sorrow's pain,  
Unfettered, free as bounding deer  
    On Indian plain.

I hope thou'rt in a better place,  
That love and joy thy life may grace,  
And hope thou'lt deem it no disgrace  
    To think of me ;  
And none shall from my heart displace  
    Thy memory.

I hope when you these lines have read,  
And drowsy sleep embalms your head,  
When far away the thoughts have sped  
    Of care and toil,  
Once more in dreams with me you'll tread  
    Canadian soil.

Tho' strangers in that foreign land  
May fail my verse to understand,  
I care not. I will deem them grand,  
    Because so true ;  
And love and truth run hand in hand  
    My friend, to you !

## TO MY SISTER.

Thy circling year has coiled its length again,  
 And laid the finished round to endless rest ;  
 Another year began its fleeting reign  
 In all the beauty of the summer drest.  
 Like thou, my sister ! on its budding breast  
 Its glorious youth is blooming undefiled—  
 Nor with the storms of hoary winter pressed,  
 The whispering breezes linger, softly, mild,  
 In rapture round the form of nature's lovely child !

Long may the summer of thy life retain  
 Its beauty, wealth and gladness unalloyed ;  
 May Pleasure's beams and Love's renewing rain  
 Make thy life sweet, beloved and enjoyed,  
 With Faith replenished and with Hope rebuoyed—  
 Press onward from the woes which needs must come ;  
 Nor dwell too darkly on the dreary void  
 Which time shall make within thy heart and home,  
 Thy spirit is not such—would it were so with some.

Thy life was formed for pleasure, and thy soul  
 A shrine for gladness, and thy mind a sun  
 To shed a smiling lustre o'er the whole,  
 To beam in radiance round thee, careless one !  
 And such thou hast been since thy days begun,  
 Thy heart unpoisoned by a gloomy mind,  
 But as a sunbeam dancing gaily on—  
 A laughing beauty, in each thing to find  
 Something to glad the soul—a mirror of thy kind !

Forever be it thus ! thy brother prays,  
 Who prays but seldom, 'tis a stranger clime—  
 The sky of supplication to his gaze,  
 Yet not an immortality in crime  
 He seeks, who greets thee with his lowly rhyme !  
 Long may thy hours fly on happy wing—  
 A jewel in the coronet of time ;  
 Thy life be one long, bright, eternal spring,  
 Thy budding youth a wealth of luscious harvest bring.

My woes hath somewhat worn me, and I breathe  
 Slowly and weak, which I would fain conceal,  
 But yet it will not wholly dwell beneath ;  
 I am but human, and the pain I feel

My shrinking nature will at times reveal :  
And thus, my sister dear, I only mourn,  
And seek from thought a sympathy that's real—  
My only refuge now, for all are torn  
From me whom I have loved, who made it easier borne.

I was not formed like thee in mind nor heart ;  
I could not feel the sun save when it shone ;  
My fancy did not rend the clouds apart—  
Their shadows chilled me e'en when they were gone.  
For so some souls are bent, and mine was one  
Which madly fondled darkness to its breast,  
And lingered all despairing darkly on  
Each sorrow, till I gained a hideous rest—  
Woe in a silent cell with madness as its guest !

Hot pride their galling fetters bound within,  
While passion's smoothest accents tempting lured  
And loosed its victim to a world of sin !  
Yea, from her hand I drank the draught abhorred.  
Time, want, woe, wickedness, have all concurred  
To wreck my life—God knows it might have been  
So different, but the curse that was conferred  
Shall still be borne : my sister, ye have seen  
The days which I have lived, but not the nights between !

Forgive me, Maggie ! this was not of me,  
But from my weary, way-worn, sinking heart ;  
Tho' necessary to each other, we  
Have no conjunction. Yes, as things apart  
I tried to deem and feel them, but the smart  
Of pain in one is mutual, while the sore  
Of one vibrates the other, and the art  
Of deeming them as two increases more  
The writhing of the breast that quivers to the core.

But I possess a passion that is cool,  
Tho' in its maddest glare and wildest mood  
My heart was tortured in the harshest school ;  
I deemed it cruel, but it yet was good,  
For it has taught me what no other could—  
To live and tell the heavens that they lie !  
And breathe it calmly from a soul subdued.  
At least this boon is granted me, that I  
Can smile at foes and fate, and with indifferent eye

View heaven and earth and hell, and deem them all  
But idle fancies of my whirling brain,  
And know that I am nothing, and recall  
The dead from living graves ! I can constrain  
My tortured soul to madness ; thinking, reign  
O'er all within a moment—can command  
The homage of creation. I can feign  
The images of Satan while I stand  
Alone, or crawl a worm corruption through the land.

And I can be myself, as I am so,  
A shattered wreck upon the sea of time,  
And little caring how the winds may blow,  
And heedless of the chart, or tide, or clime ;  
A calm indifference that is yet sublime,  
And drifting into space I know not where—  
To glory, fame, to madness or to crime—  
To each, to all, or none, I little care—  
I reek—no, not at all—a tranquillized despair !

But I have wandered wildly from my theme,  
Or thine, for such I hope in part it be ;  
Let not this expectation prove a dream,  
And gild it as another phantasy.  
Let this—I know not—have thy welcome free,  
Because thy brother, Maggie, penned the same—  
A brother whose remembrances of thee  
Enkindle in his breast a sacred flame,  
For which there are no words, nor out of heaven, a name.

Blest mayst thou be ! forever mayst thou bear  
The love for me which thrills thee even now !  
Nor time, nor scorn, nor calumny can wear  
The furrows of decay upon its brow.  
The babbling tongues of thieves can not endow  
Thee with the hatred they would fain bestow ;  
Tho' even heaven defame me, sister, thou  
Wilt love me always with a fervent glow  
Which, tho' it be not seen, yet warmly dwells below.

Ah, this brings satisfaction to my soul,  
To feel that thou wilt love me ever dear,  
And stays my heart until I can control  
The hate that surges on me even here.

Although they strive my idle name to sear,  
They cannot sap my blood from out thy form ;  
The she wolves baffled in their wild career,  
Howl forth their fury to the heedless storm—  
Bay on, ye gaunt, grim hells, your wrath shall keep ye warm !

Enough ! 'tis too much honor—now no more—  
Sweet greetings I extend thee, sister mine—  
Dearer to me than all else gone before  
Is that sweet verse which blends thee with its line !  
Dearer the wandering stanzas which entwine  
My sister in their tangles, than the flow  
Of countless moving measures which incline  
Or stop to honor with their voice a foe—  
Dearer than those is this tho' broken and more low !

“ Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger ; yet, Farewell ! ”  
Tho' we together ne'er behold the scene—  
The happy home where we have loved to dwell,  
These lines, if nothing else, at least will tell  
That one who dwelt there hath not yet forgot,  
And in his bosom feels the sacred spell  
Which lingers o'er that pure, immortal spot :  
Farewell ! God guide and lead whate'er may be thy lot !

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LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

No more to me may summer sun light up the eastern morn,  
No more to me may autumn's winds wave o'er the yellow corn.  
My summer's flown, my sun is dark, and night comes swiftly on,  
There is no music in the winds, and all my hope is gone.

Thou cruel queen, usurper proud, who treads my palace halls,  
Why keep me here in durance vile within these stony walls ?  
Is there no place but this for me in all my wide domain ?  
Or tell me why I may not tread loved Scotland's soil again ?

Oh, where are all those Scottish hearts, where are their broad  
claymores ?

Perhaps their loyal blood is chilled because the lion roars.  
Oh, no ! Rise up, ye dauntless souls, the foul oppressor's chains  
But animate true liberty and war—her throbbing veins !

Then strike once more for freedom dear, lay bare the edges keen  
 And rush to death or victory for Scotland and your Queen !  
 Then rank the spears in proud array, ye heroes one and all ;  
 Let victory crown the bloody day, or like a soldier fall !

Alas ! alas ! those loyal hearts have borne death's cruel blow ;  
 The gallant few who yet remain unvanquished by the foe  
 Are far away on Scotland's wilds, of wealth and honor shorn,  
 And that is why their Queen must die dishonored and forlorn.

If English soil must drink my blood, I pray my sorrow keen  
 May fill her breast and only die with England's heartless Queen.  
 A ruined life, a blemished name—denied sweet liberty !  
 May she receive as she has given, and perish, Lord, like me !

### THE WRECK OF THE SHAMROCK.

#### I.

The wreck tossed long upon the wave—  
     Around the billows roar,  
 And in their fury lash and rave  
     The sinking vessel o'er.  
 Below they swiftly sweep,  
 Above they madly leap,  
     In mocking fury pour  
 Their briny tears upon their prey,  
 Who sadly look and long for day,  
 Yet try their tears to laugh away,  
     As down the black clouds lower.

#### II.

But never more shall break the light  
     Upon that sinking bark ;  
 And wild 'mid sorrow and the night  
     They stand—the tempest's mark,  
 And wait the coming morn.  
 But ere the day is born  
     The storm, keen, grim and stark,  
 Shall sweep them to their endless sleep  
 Amidst the waters of the deep,  
 Wherein the gliding mermaids weep  
     Beneath the billows dark.



III.

Hark ! now above the shrieking wind  
A voice rings keenly clear,  
Undaunted is its owner's mind,  
" My hearties, never fear;  
We'll die like Erin's sons,  
We are no craven ones,  
For Erin now a cheer !"  
Out o'er the booming breaking wave,  
Is hurled defiance to the grave.  
Long may old Erin breed as brave  
As they who perish here !

IV.

" Hurrah for Erin ! " was the last  
Wild note the storm did bear,  
As wave on breaking wave was cast  
On those true-hearted there.  
In the remorseless sea  
Sank they all silently,  
For life no single prayer.  
Death had no terrors for the brave ;  
Their death and birth lulled by the wave ;  
The highest honor they could crave,—  
To die and not despair !

V.

These were a few of Erin's sons,  
A sample of her race,  
Such as her bosom nurtured once,  
Ere slavery vile did trace  
O'er her fair brow the shame,  
Submissive submission tame  
Eternal-chained disgrace.  
Shall these the dead shame ye who live ?  
Shall such a record not revive  
Her valor ? No, it but can give  
To deeper shame a place !

## TO NEA.

## I.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
On the ocean wild, 'mid the tempest aisled,  
When the rushing storms are gathering near,—  
When the lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash,  
Blaze from Destruction's awful eye,—  
When the wild waves dash, and foaming lash  
Their creamy crests to scorn the sky ;  
Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
To thee my heart is ever nigh.

## II.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
When the battle low'rs, and the cannon roars,  
When the Conflict red is pale with fear, —  
When the red plains smoke, and the war hounds choke,  
Their fangs from crimsoned slaughter warm,—  
When the line is broke, and Havoc's stroke  
Has pierced the heart of every form ;  
Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
My heart shall greet thee from the storm.

## III

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
Through the endless strife, through the pangs of life,  
When Age confers his closing year,—  
When the storms are past, when the die is cast,  
When Peril's wings no more expand,—  
When the battle's blast has swept its last  
In reeking ravage o'er the land ;  
Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
To thee my heart shall changeless stand.

## IV.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
When the death night dawns, and the cold grave yawns,  
When sound forsakes my dying ear,—  
When the voiceless sigh and the tearful eye

Are hushed and dimmed by grasping Death,—  
 When the loving cry in the soul shall lie,  
     Nor form my love with broken breath ;  
 Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
     My heart shall yield thee then its faith.

V.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
     When my lips are cold, and this earthly mould  
 Lies chill and listless on its bier,—  
     When the pulse is dead, and the soul has fled,—  
 When green my grave and grasses grow,—  
     When the prayers are said, and the tears are shed,  
 And mourners end their task of woe ;  
     Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
 My heart shall still be thine I know.

VI.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear,  
     When the worldly dreams of the promised gleams  
 Shall to my new-born eyes appear,—  
     When the cherubs wing, and the angels sing  
 Their joyous anthems ceaselessly,—  
     When the bright roofs ring and the zephyrs cling,  
 'Mid God's bright scene harmoniously ;  
     Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
 My heart e'en then thine own shall be.

VII.

My heart shall rest with thee, my Nea dear ;  
     'Twere a hated joy, if it could destroy  
 The memory of this rapture here ;  
     The mightiest heaven were unforgiven  
 If it should steal my love away,  
     With love unriven, to darkness driven,  
 A dearer lot, more cherished way ;  
     Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
 With thee alone my heart shall stay.

VIII.

My heart shall stay with thee, my Nea dear.  
     It shall be thine own, for thou art the throne  
 Whereon my soul her hopes doth rear ;  
     Earth holdeth no gain, nor the future pain.

Thy smile my heaven, thy frown my hell ;  
Thy love shall retain its unending reign.  
And in my heart thy form shall dwell.  
Thou joy of mine, my love is thine,  
My heart shall love thee alone and well.

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#### THE MUSE'S LAMENT FOR McLACHLAN.

While dreaming o'er the dying flame  
At night when winds were howling by,  
The Muse in sable garment came  
And flashed on me her darksome eye,  
Parnassian Queen, from Grecian sky,  
What brings thee to Kanada's shore ?  
" Alas ! " she said, " our bard must die,  
McLachlan soon shall be no more ! "

" Awake, my child, Kanada's lyre  
And teach these gusty winds to mourn,  
That heart of fond poetic fire  
Which soon, alas, must cease to burn.  
No more the jaunty Spring's return  
Shall re-renew that noble heart,  
For from the trunk the boughs are torn,  
His spirit and his clay must part.

" Pour forth for him my fondest strain,  
Congenial to the Muse's woe,  
His like shall never wreath again  
With song, the hills of Pine and Snow.  
For him Kanada's tears shall flow,  
For he it was who first unbound  
His harp upon her mountains' brow,  
And taught her breast to feel its sound.

" Niagara now may roll in vain,  
For who so well will sing her praise,  
When he shall render them again ?  
Who wear so well the western bays,  
Who now will wake with tender lays  
Kanada's harp in silence hung,  
Who thrill the dusky Indian haze,  
Who sing again as he has sung ?

" Oh, youthful poet, hear from me,  
The sorrow of this laden breast,  
My son, McLachlan, soon shall be  
Entombed, and laid in silent rest.  
Would that—as time shall yet attest—  
His life were equal to his fame ;  
Then I had never wept distrest,  
And Death for him had never came.

" But thou, alas ! Kanada's pride,  
Amid the ' Mighty Dead ' must lie,  
That honor lessens sorrow's tide  
But cannot glad the weeping eye.  
Dark was the day and dark the sky  
When to my soul the sorrow came,  
That Age would soon his voice deny,  
And marble boast his noble name.

" For many sons these eyes have wept,  
But seldom have they wept as now,  
For o'er their bier oft sorrow slept,  
And oft remorse has caused the flow.  
But he to every crime a foe,  
Has no dishonor to distress ;  
His soul is as the driven snow,  
His life and actions are no less."

She paused, then vanished from my sight—  
Ah ! mournful Mother, is it true,  
And must his spirit take its flight,  
And must we say a long adieu ?  
Ah, yes !—but this—his spirit's dew  
Has drawn from out Kanada's breast,  
A flower, whose graceful shape and hue,  
Shall bloom while morn awakes the west.

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TO R. STEPHENSON, ESQ.

The russet leaves are falling slow,  
Departing birds are calling low  
From bare, dismantled trees ;  
Cold winter's heralds drifting float,  
Amid the gray bird's feeble note  
Which dies upon the breeze ;

The fields are brown and bleak and bare,  
                   The streamlet gushes on,  
 Unheeding in its hurry, where  
                   So it may but be gone,  
                   With mourning and turning  
                   It flees the dreary scene  
                   In chase of the face of  
                   The summer's vanished queen.

We are not nature, if we were  
 We, too, would die with every year,  
                   Our life a circled sun,  
 But as it is we linger on  
 Despairing when all else is gone,  
                   Our life is but begun  
 When winter strides the roaring gale,  
                   And spurns the aged year,  
 Which scarce hath strength so old and frail  
                   To wait the end so near,  
                   With strife, then of life, then  
                   We but commerce to war,  
                   Comes care, then despair, then  
                   To show us what we are.

We could not live if all were joy,  
 Continued pleasures soon would cloy,  
                   But when the burning tear  
 Has cooled our sorrow with its flow,  
 'Tis then, and only then, we know  
                   How sweetly joy is dear,  
 Oh, God ! I live at thy behest !  
                   And grieve at thy command,  
 But thou Almighty knoweth best  
                   How much the heart can stand,  
                   Nor heedless nor needless,  
                   Will mete or sorrows forth,  
                   But knoweth and soweth,  
                   Our burdens with our birth.

The dreary day is past and gone,  
 The bitter night creeps up anon,  
                   The raving winds do howl ;  
 My feelings grow within the night,  
 And ghostly soft my fancy's sprite  
                   O'er crumbled hopes doth prowl ;

Yet in the garb of hoary woe,  
The curse of mankind stalks  
O'er dusty ashes scattered low,  
The wearings of life's shocks.  
She rambles and gambols  
As if the heart ne'er bled,  
Surveying and straying  
With an indifferent tread.

Why is it that in sorrow's dress ?  
She mocks the fevered soul's distress  
And will not let us sleep.  
But keeps the mind at tortures glow,  
With reminiscences of woe  
Which make the bosom weep ;  
Why doth her canker never kill ?  
When all our hopes are slain,  
Why doth she tread our feelings still  
On Time's remorseless plain ?  
Unheeding the bleeding  
Of care's dark purple gash,  
Nor shields us, but yield us  
Forever to the lash.

As yet I am not very old,  
But it hath been my lot to hold  
A chequered, hard career ;  
And in my almost childish day,  
I've seen and suffered more than they  
Who count their sixtieth year.  
And you have lived, I know full well,  
A long eternity  
For such a soul as yours, in hell,—  
The hell of misery !  
But fret not, you'll get nought  
But sorrows cruel blow,  
By themeing and dreaming  
O'er hopes encased low.

Why should we woo a bleeding muse ?  
To let the heart's wild passion loose,  
And but renew our care.  
'Tis better seek a laughing one,  
Or let the fickle jade alone,  
Nor ride her to despair

For hell will have the gloomy breast  
 That fights the great decree ;  
 'Tis better let enquiry rest  
     In beastly apathy,  
     For He gave no right save  
     The wrong to bear our cross,  
     To bear all our care all,  
     And count as gain our loss.

Can ye believe so vile a thing  
 Of Him who swung this mighty ring  
     Amid the boundless air !  
 Can ye believe that He has made  
 This wondrous, countless myriad  
     Of worlds, and tossed them where  
 They reel in an eternity  
     Of endless, boundless space,  
 And placed in their fraternity  
     Religions, vile disgrace !  
     Believe ye, deceive ye  
     Yourselves, if so ye must,  
     Ye scrapings and rapings  
     Of Time's degenerate lust !

If ye were men in imagery  
 Of Him who gave this life to ye,  
     As strong as ye were made,  
 Ye would reject this hideous lie,  
 And suppliant to His Greatness cry,  
     Nor of His wrath afraid.  
 His mightiness ye would conceive,  
     And know that such a Lord,  
 Would not His plaything man deceive,  
     Nor overrule His word ;  
     Nor fearing the nearing  
     Of His eternal day,  
     But knowing His sowing,  
     His trouble shall repay.

I am not—no I'm not *divine*,  
 For if I were I would repine  
     In ashes, and despair ;  
 But I have dropp'd a simple thought,  
 And if you have the meaning caught,  
     You've something that will wear ;



It is no second-handed woof  
Which bankruptcy supplied,  
Just test it, it will stand the proof,  
'Tis wool and three feet wide ;  
But Iddle did sidle  
In shoddy last night so ;—  
I've lent you and sent you  
These goods to see the show.

If you for Church should be inclin'd,  
With the enclosed equip your mind,  
And hang it in your ear ;  
And if the preacher does not stick,  
Amid its reason quickly quick,  
Why—well—I am not here.  
But it will give them all the lie,  
I care not who they be ;  
You'll maybe think I'm rather fly,  
But wait, and you will see.  
I'm rhyming the time in  
A very foolish way,  
Repeating their cheating,  
I find it does not pay.

And so a hasty, kind good-night—  
'Tis almost ten, I cannot write  
This evening any more.  
If they speak true, 'tis just as well,  
For this is but the chart to hell,  
Or some such foreign shore ;  
But we've a better chance than they,  
If we snook with the devil  
He'll let us off when they must pay  
For their religious revel !  
So farewell till in hell  
We meet nor part again,  
Or forgiven, within heav'n  
We feel no more of pain !

I know that some will shake their head  
In holy horror, pierced with dread  
For me, a heathen wild ;  
Those sympathetic mocks will say,  
" Oh, if his soul had winged away  
From him, a sinless child ! "

But, hypocrites, be not dismayed,  
     Look to your jibeing sail,  
 And be not for my barque afraid—  
     She'll stand a heavy gale.  
     For know all that blow all  
     'Bout paradise, I swear  
     That if you're of it, sure  
     My darlings, I'll get there !

If God hath pleased Himself to make  
 This monster for His glory's sake,  
     What right have you, I pray,  
 To question aught that He may do,  
 Ye doting, crazy, ignorant crew—  
     What right have you, I say—  
 “ He moves in a mysterious way,  
     His wonders to perform,”  
 And if alone I wildly stray,  
     He'll shield me from the storm.  
     It wakes me, it makes me  
     To feel a welcome glow  
     To near Him, and hear Him  
     Pronounce, “ I all do know.”

Then all ye Christians hie to hell,  
 Those brimstone shades will suit ye well,  
     For there is endless strife ;  
 And 'twill be soothing to reflect  
 You're warmer, yes, in one respect,  
     Than in your other life.  
 Ye preach and prate of Christian work,  
     But little of it ye do ;  
 And all your thought how can ye shirk  
     The share that falls to you !  
     Deil d——n ye, and ram ye  
     Heads, tails and all in hell,  
     I sigh for't, but die for't,  
     The bible says ye shall.

But farewell, Bob ! you see when I  
 Am fairly warmed I let her fly  
     Like moans when Medy's pray,  
 The simile is just as good  
 As some cull'd from that obscure wood,  
     And press'd in A. Pope's hay.

Besides, I always pen what's mine,  
    However poor it be ;  
I'd scorn to steal a single line—  
    Besides, 'twould scarce agree  
    In style with, nor file with  
    My new and humming rhyme,  
    And tho' rude, 'tis as good  
    Tho' scarcely as sublime.

But there's sublimity in mine—  
The last verse and the foremost line,  
    Deny it if you can.  
But you the truth will see at once,  
Because you antipode a dunce,  
    And also are a man !  
But cranks, yea madmen, yes, and fools,  
    Are lately brought to bear,  
In laying out the golden rules—  
    You'll find it everywhere.  
    But morning is warning,  
    This poet must to bed—  
    Formality, rascality,  
    Must render sleep his head.

---

TO MAGGIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

When fled the night on golden wings,  
And hushed the music and the song,  
The poet thrills anew the strings,  
The eve in memory to prolong.  
When silenced every silver tongue,  
And slumberers deep in dreams respire,  
The minstrel's harp with magic hung,  
Flings o'er the waves of time its fire.

That all the far eternal shores  
May taste the music of the past,  
And thus while time and space endures,  
The memory of his song shall last :  
The summer wind and winter blast,  
The burden of his strain shall bear,  
And where these have their mazes cast,  
The notes shall fall and linger there.

And thus I fain would give to thee  
And thine and all assembled there  
A wild, eternal harmony,  
Which thou, as queen, must chiefly share.  
And thus enshrined we all might dare  
The tyrant Time and drear Decay,  
And know that in the boundless air  
Our woven names shall endless stay.

It shall be thus ! my soul proclaims,  
And oh ! what happiness it pours,  
To see with love entwined, our names  
Bequeathed to the eternal hours.  
And while the social goddess show'rs  
Profusely, joy and wit and mirth,  
O'er revellers in her festal bow'rs,  
She'll dream of thee and of thy birth.

---

#### GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night ! it thrills a tender chord—  
That soft sad sound will linger on  
When life shall be a dying word,  
And plumes the spirit to be gone.

Good-night ! alas, how oft that sound  
Hath smote our hearts with fear and dread ;  
And gashed in love a purple wound  
That will not heal till we are dead.

Good-night ! the woe-wrung bosom's tone—  
The clasping hand, the pulsing heart,  
The tearful eye, the anguished moan,  
Speak for themselves when we must part !

Good-night ! a world of woe—Good-night !  
Who has not felt that parting knell  
Strike through the heart its withering blight,  
Nor longed to break its icy spell !

A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF LOVE.

The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness.—BYRON.

They met ! 'twas on a summer's day,  
Beneath their feet the ocean lay—  
The hill-curved landscape stretched away  
    In sleepy mood,  
Far to the north where mountains grey  
    O'erhung the wood.

They met, that never met before—  
A glance and all restraint was o'er,  
And as the ocean to the shore  
    Its music wept,  
Two hearts unfolded all their pow'r—  
    While caution slept.

They parted ! 'twas the autumn still ;  
While slowly o'er each wooded hill,  
With crimson footsteps clearly chill,  
    Decay re-passed ;  
And in its trail the wild winds shrill  
    Re-followed fast.

They parted, heaving scarce a sigh—  
A cold appearing, quick good-bye,  
Was all that either would descry—  
    They met *no more*,  
And yet their eyes unmoved were dry,  
    And so 'twas o'er.

Each to the world went back again—  
The world must live, and they swept on  
O'er its heaving breast, with a subtle pain  
Within their own for a something gone.

The ocean of life is a boundless sea,  
Where storms arise and assail the bark  
Of those sailing ahead to Eternity,  
And the waves roll high and the nights are dark ;

And they who had met by the murmuring shore,  
 When the summer was young and themselves were gay,  
 And had parted again when the trees grew hoar,  
 And the winds were chill and the skies were grey—  
 By the storms of existence were driven afar,  
 O'er fate's rolling waves, and they never knew  
 Why it was that at seasons their hearts would jar,  
 And they sighed, "alas! but it can't be true!"

The days roll'd onward, and bye-and-bye  
 The maid first loved, and her passion grew  
 Till it shone from the depths of her sparkling eye;  
 And her lover was young, and good and true,  
 And he smiled on her as he led her to  
 The altar, but thought with a sickening pain—  
 I am conscious she loved ere myself she knew—  
 I shall always regret—though regret is vain.

With his loving heart he could not forget,  
 But his faith was hers, and he must forgo  
 Those visions and dreams that would only fret  
 Her gentle soul, should she come to know.  
 Still the days sped by, and her married life  
 Was peaceful and pleasant, and filled with joy;  
 And through time she emerged from a happy wife  
 To a happier mother—a baby boy!

As her sick eyes fell on the little form,  
 And the mother-love in her bosom glowed,  
 She saw—and her colorless cheeks grew warm  
 To the swift, hot blood which beneath it flowed—  
 That its father was smiling a prouder man;  
 And stooping, he pressed with a passionate kiss  
 The seal of his love on the cheek so wan,  
 While he murmured his love in parental bliss.

And the baby grew to enquiry's years,  
 And he prattled and talked as a babe will do;  
 And the mother would answer, disturbed with fears,  
 And would think of a voice while she sighed, "I'm true."  
 And she saw that his ripening boyish grace  
 Was the counterpart of her summer dream,  
 And the sparkling smile that fled over his face  
 Was a vanished youth's. Oh, that sunny gleam!

How her heart stood still, and her pulses beat  
With a maddening throb, then they sank to rest ;  
And the feeling slunk back to its lone retreat,  
In the empty core of her famished breast.  
For she knew now her heart was not fill'd outright,  
That her passion was faded, and cold, and dead ;  
Yet her husband lay ill, and her bosom white  
Re-pillowed in peace his now silvered head.

For he saw as his wife with an anguished moan,  
" His life is mine not him ! " he cried,  
And his heart grew cold as a marble stone,  
Yet the *man* stood strong in his angry pride.  
But his *frame* bent o'er, and the silver grey  
Stole sudden unseen through his massy hair,  
And the spirit peered forth from its house of clay,  
Through the ragged wounds of his wild despair.

And the petrified love in his heart denied  
*Forgetfulness*, but with its chilling power  
It mined 'neath the strength of his bracing pride,  
And the hope of his secret began to cower ;  
While he longed for death, that he might not tell  
His shame to the one that should know it last ;  
And now it was near with its mouldering cell,  
It seemed and it was coming, oh, so fast !

And now when he felt that the chill decay  
Of death was consuming his life, he lay  
His head on her bosom—once more he breathed  
With joy as her arms were around him wreathed ;

And his pride stood strong, " She shall never know,"  
Cried the dying slave in his manly heart,  
" That I felt I was second, I loved her so,  
Of my burning soul she was chiefest part.  
And she was *my wife*, I could call her *mine* ;  
But her *soul*, sweet heaven ! Ah well, no more  
She *loved* him, although she did not repine ;  
And the secret sense in my bosom wore  
Till the blood grew clogged with the ceaseless pain.  
I should not have wed her ; but men will do  
What their hearts forbid, with a fierce disdain,  
If their love for a woman is pure and true.

If she had but known that she loved him, I  
 Would have felt it less ; but I could not see  
 With a satisfied soul that the light in her eye  
 Was another's, although it was given to me,  
 And her all unconscious breath a prayer  
 Of the fondest love to my aching breast,  
 And it floated past me to the boundless air,  
 Where her heart was seeking to be at rest.  
 It broke my heart when she would not see  
 Or feel that *I* was an alternative  
 To her clinging love. Oh, thou hand of steel,  
 Crush my quivering heart till it cease to live !"

\* \* \* \* \*

And she *never* knew, for his pain he kept  
 Locked deep in his heart till its throbbing ceased,  
 And deep in the dust it securely slept  
 When the hand of death had his spirit released.

\* \* \* \* \*

There stands above a tomb, a stone,  
 And 'neath it sleeps their double clay,  
 And the poet's spirit knows alone  
 The tragic end of that summer day.

---

#### THE PASSIONATE LOVER TO HIS ABSENT MISTRESS.

If thou art false, I will abjure my soul ;  
 Humility and kindness, and all love  
 Shall die with thine. I will but curse breath ;  
 I will be more perverted than that fool  
 Whom we call Nature. Oh, if thou art false,  
 Die with thy short-lived faith, for heaven's face  
 Shall blush no more on happiness of thine ;  
 To thy insatiate mother dust away !  
 For ne'er again the balmy air shall breathe  
 A coolness on thy brow. Thy graces all,  
 Conjoined with thy rended vows of love,  
 Shall stab thy heart with daggers of remorse.  
 The hand of him who weds thee shall as steel,  
 Strike to thy heart cold horror with its clasp ;  
 The hair-erecting fear shall vigil keep,  
 Within the ruined structure of thy soul ;



The heavens thou shalt forget, and hell will be  
A refuge for thy conscience. Of thy days,  
Torment shall be the element. Accursed  
From scenes of peace exiled, thou faithless one,  
Shalt thou forever roam.  
But if as true thou art as thou hast sworn,  
I will be all I dare be for thy sake,  
Conquer this cold suspicion, and from heav'n  
I will demand a living diadem  
To crown thy peerless beauty. Oh, my heart,—  
Did'st thou but know the terror of my soul !  
But say thou art not false. Oh, for thy voice  
To breathe a rapture to my listening heart.  
Nothing can equal thee, Queen of my life,  
Thou pulse of my existence, my heart's world,  
My universe of unpolluted thought,  
My swift affection's core !  
Deathlessness even in death ; Beauty herself,  
Kindness in her most amiable mood,  
The rich warm flow of charitable thought,  
Forgiveness, with all loving passions linked ;  
Liberty's bright flame, and the swift feet of Love ;  
The faith which permeates the universe ;  
The mother-love the beauty-breathing Hope—  
These thou o'ershadowest in my restless soul,  
With a diviner, warmer, purer light  
Than all their beams combined—

Nea, be true !

The death blow of a wondrous world of joy,  
Hope, and Ambition, and an endless Good,  
Lies in thy falsity ; Love, touch it not,  
For if thou dost, to all of these farewell !  
Let not one sin annihilate a world  
Of pure undying Good. Nea, be true !  
My life lies on thy lips ; beneath, within  
Thy heart's integrity a beauty dwells  
That is on earth unequalled ! Nea, Dear,  
Speak to my lone heart in this silent night ;  
Say with thy smile that stainless is thy soul ;  
Give me my heaven in thy proof of faith ;  
Let me not live a death in this my woe—  
Wing to my sense from the far northern shore  
Blessings—thy blessings, dear !

Nea, be true !

## A SATIRE.

The hydra serpent issuing forth again,  
 Has terrorized me to this quaking strain ;  
 Alas ! Alas ! for aid where shall I turn,  
 Or help to bouy me 'gainst his withering scorn !  
 The cave-mouth'd monster, hissing black with rage,  
 Has threatened to annihilate my page ;  
 For some immediate means he groping turns,  
 And blindly swears I stole it all from Burns :  
 Then longs for me to print that he may see  
 What it is like (his statements well agree).  
 His rage is ranking for a grand attack,  
 The slaves of General Envy at his back ;  
 All the bedraggled curs from Kennel Spleen,  
 Whet their worn tusks upon The Jealous Green.  
 Fate grant me refuge from this hideous beast,  
 That threats to make me for dark hate a feast ;  
 His ebon aide-de-camp, is scouting o'er  
 The battle field to make his victory sure—  
 To have it trenched with lies for safe retreat,  
 And bulwark it with mountains of Deceit.  
 Through the embrasures hate's strong cannons frown,  
 Dammed to the muzzle with device his own—  
 The brazen gunners of Impudence stand  
 In ready place with Falsehood's blazing brand ;  
 While on the right of *Wrong* fast forming flank,  
 Imagination's allies rank on rank !  
 This cunning Parthian, too, being most discreet,  
 Has built a fort for bankrupt War's retreat ;  
 And I, poor helpless, inoffensive thing,  
 Behold him plan, and can but *only sing*,  
 For hell accords me not (as him) its aid,  
 And heaven has flown us, all through him afraid.  
 E'en the staunch Church's saving grace has fled,  
 For he has talked her orators to bed ;  
 This arch mock of the fiend's—hell's chiefest prize,  
 The devil's peddler in a saint's disguise ;  
 This paltry piece of our corrupted earth,  
 Has dared to make of God and man his mirth—  
 And creeping, struts a reptile half erect !  
 His mouth the all of ass you can detect,  
 Save when he brays, and then the mongrel's voice  
 Proclaims that species with assuring noise !

This doting nothing can insanely lie  
About my page, that never met his eye,  
And finds believers for his base critique,  
Wrote, pressed, presented, ere my press could speak.

Shall I forever grant forbearing grace  
To him who deems himself of Wisdom's race ?  
And let this cur come snipping at my heel,  
Afraid to bite lest he its force should feel—  
A pup astray ! why not procure a tag ?  
And keep the brute to flaunt the kennel's rag ;  
A Collier's kick the whelp too long has been,  
He is not worthy e'en a post so mean.  
Turned from his music hall, he plays a role  
The which has deeper dyed his dirty soul ;  
A jest of Nature, he provokes the eye  
To flow with laughter, and the soul to sigh !  
A tool of Satan's—a misleading light—  
A modern Christian and splenetic quite—  
The slave of all hypocrisy and guile,  
He prays and schemes, and blackmails all the while !  
The Devil cannot else but jealous feel  
To see this compound of his vices kneel,  
And prate of "grace to guide our girls and boys,"  
While he himself is Satan's toy of toys !  
I would not rake him with a strain so rude  
If he possessed a single spark of Good ;  
But e'en this nauseous dosing is too mild  
For such a creature with all filth defiled ;—  
A scurrilous dog whose envy would defame  
His own pure sisters with a harlot's shame ;  
Not one redeeming feature in his life ;  
But e'en would soil the sacredness of wife—  
I would detest to write your name with mine,  
Or let it rot in your corrupted line ;  
I am not prone, as you already know,  
To boast my parts or make of them a show—  
But when a nuisance does infect the air,  
Who would endure, nor their disgust declare !  
And rather then endure your sickening stench,  
I here inter you, tho' my spirit wrench  
If in my haste I do not hide you quite !  
Or all your brethren seek your tomb at night,  
And drag you to the surface, here I swear  
To hurl you homeward and dispose you there !

'Tis well, he growled ! and, critics all, a word  
For you as him, I fully am prepared,  
And think not I'll endure a motley's clash,  
Nor for his empty head withhold the lash ;  
And tho' I grieve to use these scornful terms,  
'Neath which this squirming reptile doubly squirms,  
If you are worthy in the same degree  
As this pollution—you shall wince as he !

Its fault from friendship Love will recognize,  
But scorning, spurn, if Envy criticise ;  
Nor list in quiet to strained ridicule,  
But scourge the back of every jealous fool !  
And you, a fool, redeemed by knavish grace,  
Who feels for once the truth suffuse your face,  
Let this be warning, ere it is too late—  
To shun a second "Holy Willie's fate !"   
And if forbearance hath withheld your name,  
Dream not I dare not *it* with *you* proclaim.  
I've listened long, nor stooped to raise my voice,  
But here I now *forbid* your random noise !  
Dare disobey, and I will give your name  
And vile proceedings an unenvied fame,  
And in true colors paint you and your nest  
Of vipers, tho' I do the toil detest—  
This is enough, and my farewell to you  
Is as the deeds which you in future do !





## Epitaphs.

ON KENNETH H. McCULLOCH.

Above this gentle flower's repose,  
Let Love nor Beauty mourn,  
'Tis God himself, who hath our Rose  
For Heaven's garland shorn.

---

ON CATHERINE STEWART.

Alas! sweet child, what sorrow wept,  
When thou resign'd thy fleeting breath,  
But hushed her wailing, as thou stept  
Through heaven's portals over Death!

## ON THE EAST TORONTO MUNICIPAL "HORSE."

This now departed noble horse,  
 Ye villagers bewail ;  
 The hounds of Envy on his corse  
 Are plying tooth and nail.  
 Behold the ample D—d head,  
 Which never held a thought—  
 Such meagreness was not for him,  
 His always held a *Lot*.  
 These were the sturdy M—t—n legs  
 Which held the beast erect ;  
 The shoes Chance nailed upon his feet  
 Command our deep respect.  
 Here's R—e—s—n, the hide so tough  
 On which the blows did fall ;  
 He ne'er resented one rebuff—  
 He felt them—not at all !  
 Here is the H—k—s mane which was  
 The sport of every wind ;  
 His was a situation of  
 The ornamental kind.  
 And here, O reader, let a sigh  
 This saddest fate bewail—  
 That thus in dirty dust should lie  
 The fine M—c—l—h tail !

---

## ON J. P. SHAW.

Here lies a Doc of generous stock—  
 St. Peter, watch him well,  
 Or he'll break ope your sacred lock,  
 And hide the keys of hell.  
 He trusted here the most obscure—  
 His debtors were forgiven,  
 So watch him, or he'll give the poor  
 Free entrance into heaven !

---

## ON J. P—E—N.

Oh, satan ! spare poor John your clutch,  
 And let his body off.  
 Thy realm contains too many such—  
 You'll find his nose enough.

ON MR. AND MRS. BENEVOLENCE.

Here genuine Benevolence lies,  
E'en by her foes forgiven ;  
If mortals from the grave arise,  
She'll wake to walk in heaven !  
And by her side, but second class  
Of clay, her spouse lies low—  
In heaven she'll be spared his gas,  
"For fear the Lord should know."

---

ON FRANK LIMPART, SHOEMAKER.

Here lies a man who soled and heeled  
York's motley-footed crew !  
Ye Imps, keep all your optics heeled,  
Or he'll perhaps boot you.

---

ON R—B—T. W—L—E.

Ye angels, if in heaven he be ;  
Ye Imps, if that with you he roam,  
Still keep the larder locked, or he  
Will eat you out of house and home !





## To Terpsichore.

Hail to thee queen with eyes of light,  
And cheeks of rose, and lips of dew,  
And hair that breathes of morning bright,  
And flowing robe of heaven's hue—  
Thy pearly ankle peeping through  
The supple folds. Oh sovereign rare!  
Now bends to thee a mortal who  
Has made thy love his only care.

Queen of my heart! queen of my soul!  
Discard not my petition dear,  
Let nothing mortal e'er control  
The sweeping verse divinely clear;  
But on thy votary bending here,  
Vouchsafe thy hallow'd charm to rest,  
That I may catch the larkling's ear,  
And thrill Queen Philomela's breast!

I do not ask for power or gold,  
For these, though beggar, I despise;  
Nor ask thee mystery to unfold,  
Nor show me fabled paradise:  
For none of these my spirit cries,  
I only beg the gift of song,  
That I o'er worldliness may rise,  
And pour the burning strains along.

Parnassian Queen! oh not in vain  
Let him who loves thee wail his prayer,  
But grant that I may wake the strain  
Which woos the heart from drooping care.  
Let me your inspiration share;  
I do not claim the right divine,  
But only while this clay shall wear,  
Grant me in song to live and shine!



THOU ART FAR AWAY.

(TUNE—*Belle Mahone.*)

Where art thou my sweetest one ?  
Earth is dark since thou art gone,  
Love in sadness weeps alone,

Thou art far away.

Night sinks silent o'er the sea,  
Bringing thoughts of love to me,  
But when I would turn to thee,

Thou art far away.

Far across the mountains high,  
Underneath a foreign sky,  
Wandering sadly, silently,

Thou art far away.

When wilt thou to me return ?  
Shall unquenched my fever burn,  
Unloved loving ever mourn,

Thou art far away !

Surely thou wilt come again !  
And my heart forget its pain—  
Sorrow cease her plaintive strain—

Thou art far away.

Chorus—

Yes, thou shalt return, and then  
The rose will dye my cheeks again,  
Bright hope fill my eyes, as when

Thou wert not away !

Sweet will be that shining morn,  
Thy sacred presence dost adorn  
The heart which of its joy is shorn,

When thou art away.

Back across the mountains high,  
'Neath thine own loved native sky,  
Peacefully and lovingly,

Ever we will stray !

---

THE MAPLE WAVES.

The maple waves her whispering leaves,  
And bright the sun shines o'er the lea ;  
But flees in splendour to the west,  
And woos me back again to thee.

This peaceful scene and rural vale,  
 Have charms that cast a spell o'er me ;  
 But even they can not prevail,  
 To stay my hastening from thee.

The breeze which sighs its perfumed words,  
 The river gleaming silently ;  
 The mingled voices of the birds,  
 But woo me back again to thee.

Then sail, thou sun, towards the west,  
 Till evening thy departure see,  
 And thou shalt grant a triple rest,  
 For I with her again shall be.

---

### SHE'S THE QUEEN OF MY BOSOM.

(TUNE—*The Last Rose of Summer.*)

She's the Queen of my bosom,  
 My own lovely Jean ;  
 She's as pure as the roses—  
 The fairest I've seen !  
 How I long for her glances  
 To speak through my heart ;  
 My soul she enraptures—  
 My love as thou art.

Her love and her wisdom  
 Will never decay,  
 And her beauty is now  
 Like a morning in May ;  
 But when age's chill winters  
 Have silvered her hair,  
 She'll be beautiful still,  
 For her soul will be there !

If we lived but for beauty  
 It would not be long,  
 For it passeth as soon  
 As a dream or a song !  
 But when love feeds the bosom,  
 How brightly it glows ;  
 'Tis a still blooming flower—  
 The ne'er fading rose !

She's the Queen of my bosom,  
My own lovely Jean ;  
She's as fair as the roses  
The fairest I've seen !  
And while she is blooming  
I'll call her my own,  
And she'll be dearer still  
When her beauties have flown !

---

I NEVER MET A GLANCE LIKE THINE.

I've wandered far o'er land and sea,  
O'er mountains, plains and prairies wide ;  
Have seen Niagara's thunders roll,  
And onward sweep their surging tide ;  
The fairest maids of sunlit lands,  
And northern dames who coldly shine,  
I have beheld, but Nea, dear,  
I never met a glance like thine !

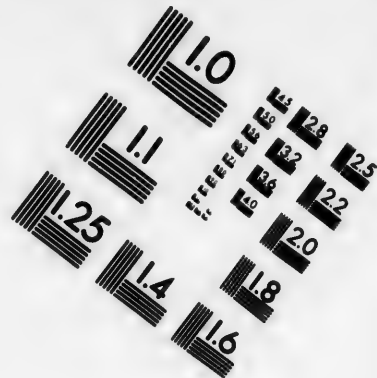
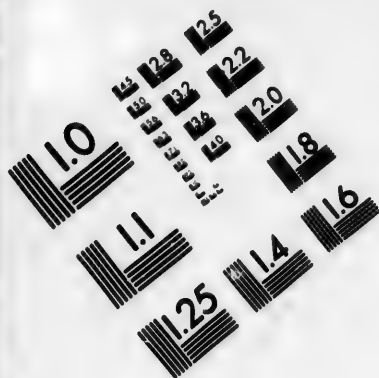
The sparkling eyes of vine-draped France,  
The dreamy orbs of Italy,  
Have cast on mine their brilliant glance,  
But never waked a glow in me ;  
The Saxon blue, the Scottish gray,  
Clear as their surf-resounding brine,  
Have lured me stay ; but Nea, dear,  
I never met a glance like thine !

It warms my heart when far from thee,  
To picture forth thy kindling eye,  
The star that becks me o'er the sea,  
To bask beneath its native sky ;  
Then home again my bark I'll steer,  
And at thy feet, my love, recline,  
Upon this shore my Nea, dear,  
I never meet a glance like thine !

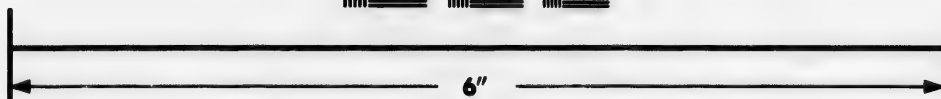
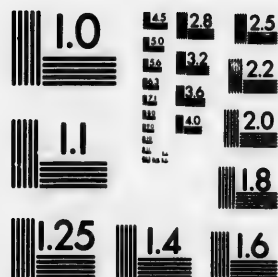
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THE CALL TO PLEASURE.

This sighing will not purchase bread,  
Nor ford us o'er the river ;  
And fame is but the breath of fools,  
That's spent and gone forever.



# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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100 50 20 10 5 2 1 0.5 0.2 0.1 0.05 0.02 0.01

Then let us sing as long 'a we may—  
 Begone, thou drooping sorrow !  
 We fear not him whom we must pay,  
 If he but comes to-morrow.

We'll have a night with our sweet lass,  
 And laugh at woe defiance ;  
 And now we'll have a social glass—  
 The only true appliance  
 To heal the heart and thrill its core,  
 And loose despairing fetters :  
 We'll bid adieu to sorrow sore,  
 And welcome to its betters !

Who would not sing whene'er he can  
 Deserves unceasing sadness ;  
 He is old nature's truest man,  
 Who always seeks her gladness. <sup>3</sup>  
 Then, brother, cast aside your care,  
 And pledge the jovial motion—  
 That he who jilts the jade despair  
 Shall have our heart's devotion !

---

YES ! I WOULD FAIN BELIEVE HER TRUE.

Yes, I would fain believe her true,  
 For ah ! I fondly love her yet ;  
 Her form entrances memory's view,  
 I never, never can forget.

Tho' many years have flown since we  
 Sighed our farewell with tearful eyes,  
 Beneath the green old trysting tree,  
 Her sacred spell I fondly prize.

She was more fair than morning's dawn,  
 Her cheeks were as with roseleaves dyed ;  
 The dew that sparkled on the lawn  
 Could not compare her eyes beside.

And tho' I ne'er may see her more,  
 She'll have my bosom's warmest thrill,  
 Her form is stamped upon its core,  
 Ah, yes, I'll love her fondly still.

Her sparkling eyes, her heaving breast,  
Her lissome limbs and witching grace,  
On memory's soul shall burn impressed,  
And claim affection's warmest place.

If I could deem thy bosom true,  
Thou fairest maid, how happy I ;  
But Love may live and die for you,  
And hail thee only with a sigh !

---

EILEEN ALLANNA.

(TUNE—*The Same.*)

Farewell to old Erin ! adieu thou green Isle !  
Farewell to that face with its sorrowful smile !  
In sadness I leave thee to see thee no more—  
Eileen allanna agus asthore !

Far, far away o'er the foam-crested wave,  
To that young land of the free and the brave  
I must away, but it grieves my heart sore—  
Eileen allanna agus asthore !

Oh ! let this life with our happiness cease,  
'Neath Erin's sod let us two sleep in peace ;  
Never to leave thee alone on her shore—  
Eileen allanna agus asthore !

Down on the beach where the wild waters rave,  
There let the Ocean weep over our grave ;  
Over our dust let it mournfully roar—  
Eileen allanna agus asthore !

Then over our grave let the wild waters moan,  
And murmuring tell of the joys that are flown ;  
Let the wild winds in their pity deplore—  
Eileen allanna agus asthore !

---

THE PLAINTIVE MAID.

My love has flown, and I alone  
In drooping sorrow pine,  
I shun repose, and like the rose—  
I silently decline.

The faithless boy who was my joy  
 Has sold his promised heart,  
 In foreign toils and wealthy smiles  
 To play a loveless part !

The sacred swells of sabbath bells,  
 The wild birds whistling clear,  
 The lisp'ing burn with silvered turn  
 No more shall charm my ear ;  
 For perjured he whose harmony  
 Once made the music glad,  
 Destroy'd joy's note in pleasure's throat,  
 And left the song so sad.

The morning dew'd, the leafy wood,  
 The mist-encircled hill ;  
 But bosom sighs, and tearful eyes,  
 From memory drear distil.  
 Where shall I find a refuge kind,  
 Crushed memory, from thee,  
 Where is the friend that would extend  
 The hand and set me free !

Oh, no ! not yet would I forget  
 What thou to me hast been,  
 I for thy sake would yet partake  
 The dregs of this drear scene.  
 Love's inward smile doth yet beguile,—  
 Though thou untrue to me  
 Discardest now our mutual vow—  
 I yet may live for thee !

---

#### THOU SWEETEST OF VALLEYS.

(TUNE—*Afton Water.*)

Thou sweetest of valleys, pray list to my song,  
 Ye sad sighing winds bear it slowly along,  
 Ye dark pines resound it with passionate moan,  
 My love, like the summer, has faded and flown !

Mourn on, ye sad winds, in your pity deplore  
 The hope which lies withered and bloometh no more ;  
 Ye calm, smiling heavens mock not my despair,  
 In sympathy heed ye my sorrowful prayer.



No more, ye wild waves, in your freedom rejoice,  
But pity my sorrow with murmuring voice ;  
Pour out my wild grief to the listening shore,  
For her who hath fled and returneth no more !

All nature is hushed, and each trickling rill  
Its music has ceased, and the trees on the hill  
Are bowed to my sorrow,—the grief-stricken air  
In whispering sighs mourns the death of the fair !

---

THE EXILE'S SONG.

(TUNE—*The Rowan Tree.*)

Return, ye days of youth and home,  
When on old Erin's shore  
I watched the billows rolling come,  
And burst with booming roar !  
If these dim eyes could see it now,  
Then all my grief were flown,  
And smooth again this furrowed brow,  
And warm this heart so lone.  
O ! Erin dear !

The schoolhouse crumbled on the beach,  
And near the churchyard lay,  
While from the daisied hillock's reach  
Soared high the columns gray ;  
The chubby playmates, 'neath thy sod  
Are sleeping side by side,  
While I beneath a foreign clod,  
My lonely heart must hide.  
O ! Erin dear !

I nightly see thy billows roll,  
But ah, how sad when morn  
Retears the vision from this soul,  
Already, ah, how torn !  
And tho' I ne'er may see thee more,  
Thou still shalt be my theme,

But O ! again to tread thy shore  
 For me were joy supreme.  
     O ! Erin dear !

Oh ! let the dreary years roll by !  
 My sands are failing fast,  
 And dark now life's once brilliant sky,  
 And chill the rising blast :  
 And tho' my heart be sore opprest,  
 It does not these deplore,  
 It mourns because I may not rest  
 On thy beloved shore.  
     O ! Erin dear !

---

### JEANIE RETURN TO ME.

(TUNE—*Robin Adair.*)

Jeanie, return to me, queen of my heart !  
 Jeanie, I mourn for thee, why did we part ?  
     O that fate's cruel screen  
     Never could rise between  
     Us, my beloved Jean,  
     Dear as thou art !

Fly to my arms again, and peace once more  
 Over our love will reign sweet, as of yore !  
     Let not my bosom weep,  
     And its lone vigil keep,  
     Sigh my distress to sleep—  
     Thou I adore.

Never our love shall be mourning in pain,  
 If love thou thence will flee to me again,  
     And thou shalt sing for me,  
     That which my heart shall be  
     Love, nor in loving thee  
     Burning in vain.

Distance can not divide true-loving souls,  
 'Tween them the surging tide uselessly rolls ;  
     Further than sea or sky,  
     Stretch out their majesty ;  
     Love can unwearied fly,  
     Space it controls.

Fly to me joyfully, Jeanie, my own !  
Fly to me silently, soon and alone ;  
    Life shall forgotten be,  
    Save that I live with thee,  
    God gave a hope to me—  
    Thou art the one !

---

THE DAYS WHICH I HAVE SEEN.

No more they'll come to me,  
The sports of childhood gay,  
With birds of melody,  
That sang the summer day ;  
No more they'll come again,  
Each joyous vanished scene,  
And I sing a dreary strain  
For the days which I have seen.

My boyhood's happy times,  
With the mingling hopes and fears ;  
My manhood's vaunted clines,  
With a lover's sighs and tears :  
These each and all are gone,  
And I wear a saddened mien  
For the pleasures painful flown,  
And the days which I have seen.

We soon shall sleep again,  
With the earth's first mortal clay,  
No more to suffer pain—  
Our sorrows of a day.  
Who would not leave it all,  
Tho' some pleasure there hath been—  
Leave the woes which here enthrall,  
In the days which I have seen.

It cannot be for long  
That the heart must suffer here ;  
'Tis the ceasing of a song,  
As it dies upon the ear.  
'Tis a single breath the less,  
Than would make a life serene ;  
'Tis the casting of life's dress  
From the spirit which—hath been.

Oh why then linger on,  
 We could end it with a sigh ;  
 But a moment, and 'tis gone—  
 Yea, 'tis not so hard to die !  
 'Tis the cowards only live—  
 They whose life means only breath,  
 To existence nought they give,  
 And as little unto death !

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### THE TRAMP'S DITTY.

Here's to the jolly tramping lad  
 Who learned his trade from Nature,  
 To travel on and not be sad,  
 Nor sigh at his belature.  
 When dreary winds howl o'er the plain,  
 And snows assail his "kady,"  
 He "strikes the farmer for a stain"  
 To renovate "O'Grady !"

He "chalks," for his unskilful "beau,"  
 The kindly "Mossback's" gate post,  
 And makes the out the inward show  
 A thing of ancient date most.  
 He travels over many a clime,  
 And leaves his "togs" behind him ;  
 That is if fortune's fickle time  
 A newer set may find him.

Despise him not ! he has a heart  
 That flows with human feeling,  
 And oft as even tides depart,  
 You might behold him kneeling  
 In some lone place with upturned face,  
 That flows with tears for mother :  
 Had she but lived, her gentle grace  
 Had made this life another.

Some lonely tears for her are shed,  
 But he must stifle mourning ;  
 He sleeps the night—with dawning wakes,  
 And travels on with morning.

LOVE AT EVENTIDE.

One evening as I strolled along,  
While dusk and light were mingling, Oh !  
I heard a voice in raptured song,  
Down where the waters were wrangling, Oh !

And as I neared this nightingale,  
My heart stood still to hear it, Oh !  
My trembling soul feared it would fail  
Before my eyes could near it, Oh !

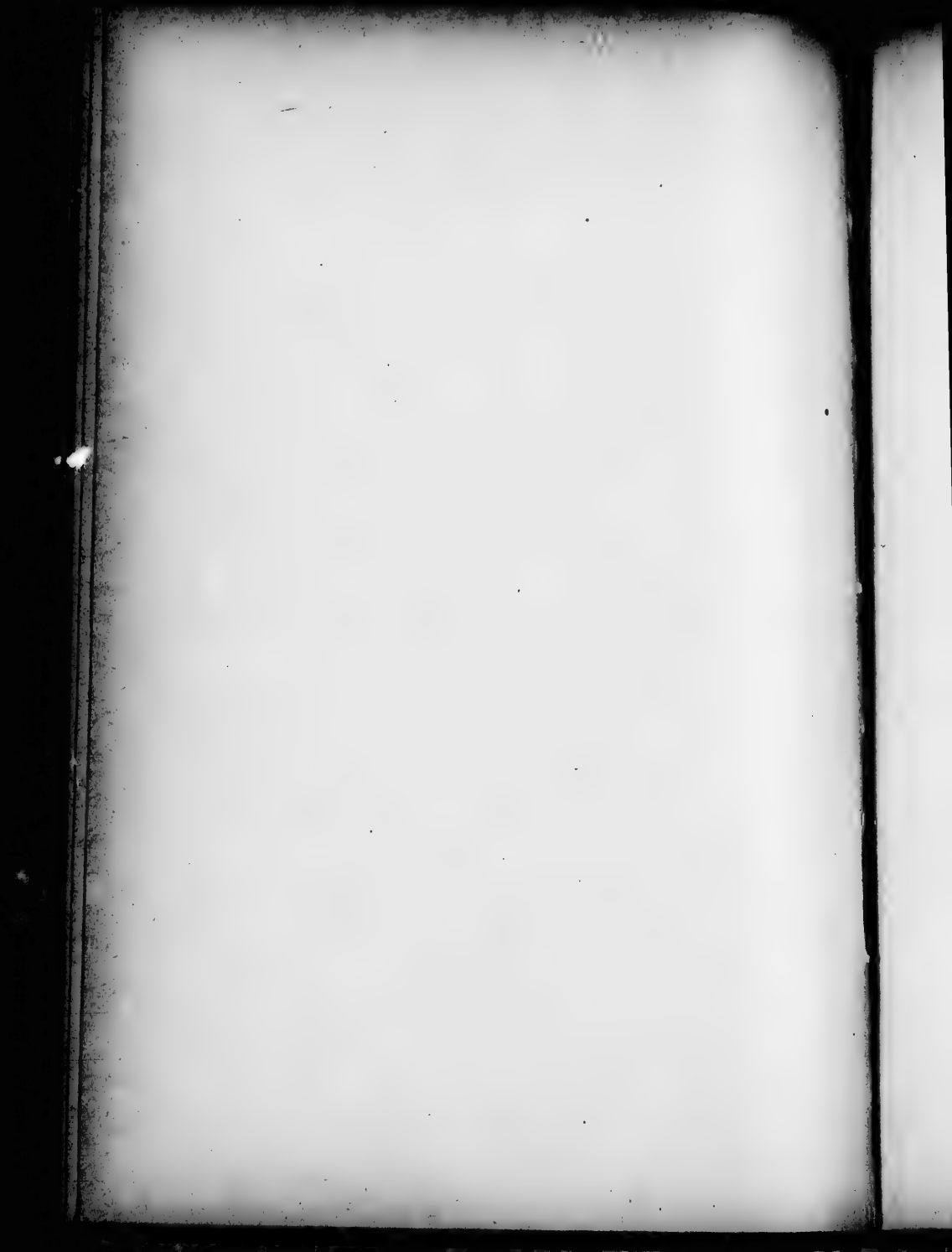
At last I spied a maiden fair,  
Whose eyes were like the dew drops, Oh !  
Her head was crowned with midnight hair,  
Her throat was like the snow drops, Oh !

I pressed my courtesies so far,  
Her maiden soul forgave me, Oh !  
While I conjured each twinkling star,  
If I proved false to brave me, Oh !

I clasped her in my raptured arms,  
While shone the moon so clearly, Oh !  
My soul grew drunk with Lelia's charms,  
I never loved so dearly, Oh !

And long as I this life retain,  
Tho' that should be forever, Oh !  
My Lelia o'er my heart shall reign—  
Yes, she'll be dearest ever, Oh !







# THE WANDERER.

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## Dedication.

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EAST TORONTO, April 28th, 1890.

MY DEAR BROTHERS,—To you jointly “The Wanderer” is inscribed,—inseparable at birth, such may you be through a long life.

In dedicating this work to you I have it in mind that you will soon arrive at that point where you must needs obey Ambition's call ; and though a memorial of this kind is seldom or never mixed with admonition, I will here, as elsewhere, break a time-eaten custom, and give you that advice which you are still young enough to accept. Although my years in no great measure exceed your own, yet I have seen and observed much more in several lines of thought and action than I hope you will ever have the opportunity of doing. Begin the world without dissimulation, without a mask ; never be guilty of the flattery and the petty intrigues so common in all the walks of life ; rank not yourselves with those who lord it o'er their inferior, and anon are so abject and humble to their superior. To a man cool in blood, who stands aside and observes such actions, they appear no better than veritable monkeys ! Be equally courteous to your master and servant ; honor nothing but manhood. For if you bestow reverence in the high places, you, as a rule, smile upon hypocrisy and deceit. See the revelations daily in our Church and Government ; revelations which I hope will become rarer in future. If some of the writers whose talents are daily wasted would turn their pen to such matters, the country's

sinews would soon become materially strengthened. Such work now is left for party organs, which pervert for themselves and against each other, until a reader becomes sick of such schoolboy wrangling. These organs I hold in a measure guilty of creating that prevailing indifference to political matters which they are at the same time so solicitous to assuage. There is another source : The public energy of mind is blasted by the inordinate desire for novel reading. Some good writers have of late tried in the novel form to inculcate a new appetite in the people ; and, to do the public justice, those writers have in a measure succeeded. As the age is a literary one, you will have to drift with the current, and either read or be read. But let me warn you against the "Novel." It is a curse. I know of only a few worth reading, and those the critics have stigmatized as being no novels. "The plots are wretched," "The characters tame, etc., etc." And why are these denounced? Because the further away a writer can get from the *truth*, the more he is read. His extravaganzas excite wonderment, he is called original, fascinating ; and if he happens to be glib, fluency is added to his honors. With these red hot productions the public palate is so scorched that each molten to be read must be hotter than its predecessors, and Heaven only knows where they will all end. Nothing would be more acceptable to common sense, or even to those who are daily drugged with such scalding stuff, than a second Cervantes who would annihilate the novel as Saavedra did the books of Knight-errantry. True, he might be allowed to starve for his labour as did his predecessor, but he would die with the satisfaction of having performed a good work. What a conflagration the library of a modern Don Quixote would make ! Ouida and Pansy, Clay and Fleming, Duchess and Alexander, Thomas and Green, Wilson and Barr, Roe and Sheldon, Haggard and Wallace (which last two might be a good deal better employed than they are at present), and two or three thousands more who might turn their talents to account if they so willed. What a few novels really would remain after morality and justice



had reviewed them. Some of Scott's, a few of Dickens', Goldsmith's dear old tale, Bronte might escape, George might be overlooked; probably fifty to the thousand might remain. To say nothing of the cut-throat Western tens of thousands glaring absurdities—polish without plot, and plot without polish, and scrapings very often devoid of both. These things all have their readers, or rather—devourers. "Pray you avoid them."

A prominent Toronto Publisher said to me a few days since, "Fiction is the stuff to sell, you must write fiction or you won't be read, it matters not though the Creator-inspired you, poetry will never sell; the people are the critics, they form the literary jury, and depend upon it, the people are always right, if they make a mistake, they will correct it, but the people are always right in the end."

Now the people may pass judgment and their judgment may be eternal, but that eternity does not make their judgment correct.

The people are simply what their writers have made them, the literary hunger must be appeased, and from lack of good, healthy food it can be brought to use narcotics and stimulants, and through time will reject its proper nourishment altogether. But such rejection does not prove that sound and proper nutriment is such no more. I say to you again, avoid the novel. I could dissect one and show you its good and bad qualities, but take for yourselves one of Ouida's and one of Pansy's (these, I think, are the two extremes), let candour preside over all other predilections, then pronounce judgment. Look at the first, dallying with passion, the second toying with vulgar improbabilities. Take then the Vicar of Wakefield which Macaulay has damned. See the harmonious contrast of its characters that are pictured from the heart out. No affectation, no ascetic divinities, but real live, living men, women, and children, all as natural and genuine as the man who wrote their history. I say again, avoid "*The novel*."

You will find in "*The Pleasures of Life*," by Lubbock, a list of

one hundred books which are, as far as I am acquainted with them, "good for food," as saith the first one on the list.

I would not place these injunctions at the beginning of this poem, but that I wish *you* to read them. You may probably think that I would have the world turn readers and writers of poetry, but nothing can be further from my heart. I have, it is true, a thousand copies in the press, but they are there against my will ; the whole production, I may say, is juvenile, and therefore I would fain have withheld them ; the stamp of youth and inexperience is upon every page. The first canto of this Poem is purely introductory ; I intended in the outset to finish it in six cantos, including the introduction, but I have long since relinquished that determination, and anything I may write in the future, will emanate from a heart less green and susceptible than that which gave birth to the present volume. Still, tho' filled throughout with the most glaring faults, and absurd as well as extreme views on many things, yet I have an affection for the ragged vagabonds as being the relics of a boyhood which I can never repossess.

The first, or, as it has been printed, the second canto of this poem is more void of *freshness* than any other poem or part of a poem, save "Zara," which I composed during the past winter, but which I began without sufficient reflection. However, as I said, there are only one thousand copies in the press, and the most of that number will find circulation among acquaintances. I say again I have no other object in addressing you thus than to draw your attention to the current you are liable to drift *with*, and the *stand* which you may take. Canada needs men. She is the land of our adoption. More than that, she is your birthplace, and for her sake I would have you separate from the multitude, and pursue, not a new line of thought, but an old one—one that was in vogue when England and America liberated their slaves. Look at the literature of that day, then compare it with the present's. There is a mighty difference, so mighty, indeed, that one would almost deem its second era impossible. But it is not impossible. A

thousand level heads dictating to the pens of union and manhood would effect a regeneration almost unlimited. Not politically ; morality leads politics. The nations are on the eve of a reformation, widespread indeed.

I am no prophet, neither am I giving utterance to my hopes ; I am simply stating my firm conviction, and what any man may see if he will. You see I dread not being called a Visionary. However, you can build on the foundation that a people's literature is their advertisement. It proclaims to the reader and thinker the strength and energy of a nation more thoroughly than all the statistics ever compiled. You have seen even to-day literature step into Africa and appropriate a continent. Of my meagre poetical venture I say nothing. 'Tis not so large but that any interested one may see the end. For myself I mean to retire to a laborious seclusion, observing the world from a distance, or at times, perhaps, mingling with it unknown. Wishing you success in whatever just situation in life you may occupy, I subscribe myself, heartily and unchangeably,

Your affectionate and loving brother,

A. C. STEWART.







# The Wanderer.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

They say that I am idle, Nea, love,  
And revel in a useless phantasy,  
But thou, my darling maid, wilt not reprove,  
And thus I dedicate this line to thee !  
If fate allows this as its source to be,  
It shall have adoration from its foes,  
And from its friends a homage wild and free—  
For o'er it will a mournful beauty close,  
That speaks unto all hearts, and love around them throws !

### II.

I look away across the silvered hills  
Whose trees drop tears upon the bright green sod,  
And yearn for thee, whose magic memory thrills  
This very soil where thou in sadness trod :  
Here where keen calumny raised high its rod—  
(Their envy, Nea, I can not forget)—  
Which was deposed by conscious Goodness's, God,  
Here and alone I hail thy spirit yet,  
Which stood the scornful test, in innocence set.

### III.

My laughing girl ! although they have essayed  
To rend our souls asunder, they have fail'd,  
And their insidious cunning only made  
A grave, wherein there feeble truth is veiled ;  
For thine aspiring innocence, hath scaled,  
The walls they built around thee, with their guile,  
And now, in armour of experience mailed,  
At their effectless malice thou canst smile,  
And laugh s'nd in scorn at each subverted wile !

## IV.

The buds are fresh upon the self-same trees  
Which sapless sighed upon our helpless fate,  
And perfume glides upon the whispering breeze,  
Where mute in sorrow, Desolation sate;  
But changeless lives their dull, unfounded hate,  
Breathing around its pestilential air,  
But in those eyes does mockery shine elate,  
Which gazed on thy misprision with despair—  
Yet strange as it may seem, I do forgive and spare !

## V.

But leave these for awhile, the hills are green,  
And in the glen the sweet May flower blows,  
And melody swells forth from source unseen,  
While o'er the plains the mellow sunlight throws  
The liquid languor of a soft repose,  
And deep down in the streamlet purling clear  
The trout glides smoothly, and his flight bestows  
A music on the sense, tho' not the ear—  
This is a sacred scene, if love abounded here.

## VI.

But every place is sacred where he is,  
And every soil accursed where he is not ;  
For he throws over barren rocks a bliss—  
A universal halo o'er each spot,  
Where tender hearts would woo him as their lot,  
Oh, holy Love ! 'tis thou alone must be  
Earth's only relic which is not forgot  
When dust shall wear its immortality—  
Immeasurable love, the light of heaven's decree !

## VII.

I am alone, but every hill and dale  
Breathes forth upon me as tho' living friends,  
And whispers to my raptured soul a tale  
That unto love a brighter shadow lends.  
Why is it that this rolling scene emblends  
Delights with joy, till pleasure stands amazed ?  
It is not that sweet nature here expends  
All those bright beauties which the world has praised—  
This is the charm, because my Nea on them gazed :

## VIII.

Gazed, tho' in sorrow ; had it been in joy  
No other spot on earth had charm for me,  
For this is where thy dark-eyed Irish boy  
First knew as truth the love he bears for thee.  
Then had'st thou seen this sight as I now see,  
Secure from aught that pierces, Nea, dear,  
The world I now behold should ever be  
The realm of my existence, wert thou near  
In thy sweet womanhood, my soul with song to cheer.

## IX.

From all the beauty that the earth contains,  
My sense with subtle power thou dost steal ;  
Through heart, and soul, and sense, and bounding veins,  
Thou dost permit me but thy love to feel.  
On every word is stamped thy secret seal,  
Moulding to love the most familiar things,  
Till love becomes the only power that's real,  
And from the clay of earth on fancy's wings,  
My visions flee away with thee to heavenly springs.

## X.

Wandering amid the fountains and the flowers,  
Hand locked in hand forever we will stray,  
And sigh our love to the delighted hours  
Which, winged with sweet persuasions, flee away ;  
Mingling in space with our delicious day,  
Whose night is noonday, and whose eve is morn—  
Laughing our sorrow. What a love—will they  
We leave behind us whisper—they have borne,  
Nor earth shall yield us there the stony power to mourn.

## XI.

Dost thou remember, love, the rolling steep  
We climbed together when the winds were high,  
And snows lay locked in winter's arms asleep,  
With their white tresses bare unto the sky ?  
Dost thou remember, love—thou wast so shy ?  
Thine eyes, dear eyes half-lifted, saw my heart,  
And played within my soul. I long to cry  
Out to my darling, Nea, dear—thou art  
Of my whole life the life which doth its life impart.

## XII.

But thou art far away—where, I know not,  
Perhaps thou art much nearer than I deem ;  
But, love, to-morrow eve I'll seek that spot  
Where first thou told me it was not a dream ;—  
Where first our spirits shed their mingling gleam,  
And lighted us to an eternal joy.  
With the last glance of Sol's expiring beam  
I shall be where I first became thy boy—  
In an acknowledged love united, you and I.

## XIII.

Thou didst request me,—“ Darling don't forget,  
The twenty-eighth.” It shall remembered be—  
That sacred day and hour shall be set  
In love's bright crown which spurns decay's decree  
It shall, in my soul be akin to thee !  
While breath with vivid life my blood renews,  
It shall be our bond immortality !  
For it will live, and unto Time refuse  
That he collects from all—oblivion's dark dues.

## XIV.

While the eternal ages onward roll,  
And love seeks for its mate in its unrest ;  
While God gives to His counterpart a soul  
And bosom which must find its kindred breast ;  
While Eve remains a jewel of the West,  
And Dawn awakes the world her wealth to see,  
Thou shalt be answered in thy fond request—  
I will remember, and, my love, when we  
Have passed to dust it shall by earth remembered be !

## XV.

My Grandsire sits in his accustomed chair,  
And droops his head with patriarchal nod,  
Doling advice with philosophic air,—  
Experience from the way which he has trod :  
He too has bowed to stern affliction's rod—  
Has stood the shock of foul misfortune's blast,  
And knows that all that's true is love and God !  
A woman's love the earthly all to last—  
He knows, if age means years, for he has many passed.



## XVI.

The sharer of his pleasures and his cares  
Bows her grey head beneath the weight of years;  
Apparently in vacancy she stares,  
But could we see that which to her appears—  
Would it call forth our laughter or our tears?  
Ah, both, I ween, and feelings strong beside,  
For she has dwelt behind their two careers,—  
Felt woman's sorrow and man's humbled pride,  
And still toiled on the more when fate the more denied.

## XVII.

Man lives within himself in such a sort  
That dwells not long on other hearts' fond grief,  
But woman is denied the world's resort,  
Where men's wounds dull in striving to be chief—  
For her comes not (oh, happy !) false relief  
Which men conceal, strange stoics that they be :  
Her foiled affection is the tender leaf,  
All bleeding, torn from the maternal tree,  
To wither and to die—not so with men, for we.

## XVIII.

Strive for some graft to fill the empty space :  
The object gained, what can its fruit afford  
But chagrin which beneath the smiling face  
Consumes the heart, that utters not a word ;  
While Pride will press the penetrating sword  
Into the wound, afraid to draw it hence,  
Lest life should follow, and to earth accord  
The secret that her toil was but pretence,  
To hide what she had lost—this is man's recompense !

## XIX.

These two have reached the evening of their day,  
And calmly wait for the now welcome end ;  
They have pursued life's plain and simple way,  
And hale old age does on their steps attend.  
Death's nearness does not to their spirits lend  
Dejection with her cloudy train of woes ;  
They rather long for his keen blast, to rend  
The few last petals from life's faded rose,  
And give them in the dust an undisturbed repose.

## XX.

Oh what an ending to a life-long toil  
 'Gainst Poverty's opponents ! It is best  
 That man should for sustenance till the soil,  
 For he beneath its sod at length must rest ;  
 And when he sinks upon its peaceful breast,  
 It hath for him no terrors—'tis as though  
 The land he furrowed had become his guest,  
 A bosom friend, and knew his every throe,  
 And wooed him to her breast to exorcise his woe !

## XXI.

If I may have a choice how I shall die,—  
 Hear me, thou Fate, that blindly wheels along !  
 Stay thy impulsive course ! let her be nigh  
 To soothe my soul with youth's remembered song ;  
 Remove me far from the remorseless throng—  
 Let fragrant fields reward my fading eyes ;  
 Let calmest breezes sweetly glide among  
 The flowery meads, and let the one I prize  
 Be near unto my soul to soothe its parting sighs !

## XXII.

'Tis thou, my darling, that I would have near !  
 Nea, my loved one, 'tis for thee alone  
 That death should hideous to my sight appear ;  
 But he were welcome if thyself wert gone.  
 Oh, may we, like the day-light and the sun,  
 Sink into night unsevered ! were it not  
 The highest boon desired, dearest one,  
 By thee and me, if that our tasks were wrought  
 Out at the self same time, and their completions fraught.

## XXIII.

The rain is falling on the moss-grown roof,  
 And steadily the clock ticks on the wall ;  
 The shadows from the lamp-light scowl aloof,  
 Gliding in silence to each flickering call .  
 Deceit is here unknown, the windows all  
 Uncurtain'd gleam a contrast to the light,  
 While o'er the vale a universal pall  
 Weaves its collected blackness with the night—  
 It is a hallowed hour, and thee and these unite,

## XXIV.

And I may think, as fancy leads me on  
Into the future or in her wild play—  
Gambling o'er landscape where those marks are gone  
Which were familiar in their distant day.  
How strange is thought, ah, how it can display  
Loved sights and tempting visions to the soul,  
Then swiftly hurl on us a long array  
Of things we would not see could we control'  
The many-colored scenes which o'er the spirits roll !

## XXV.

With all her freaks, I would not her discard  
E'en though I had the power, for she has been—  
Save thou my love—my bosom's one reward ;  
She was unto my youth, what thou my queen  
Wert to years more mature, a light serene.  
But thou wert true, and she a fickle dame,  
And I will not her errors from thee screen,  
For she has been and often is to blame  
For that deceiving path which leads, she says, to fame.

## XXVI.

Yet, twere not best to openly accuse  
The veering dame of that delightful sex  
Who give at will, and at the same refuse  
Favors to us who would the saintly vex ;  
And we are of the nature that ne'er recks  
Of consequences, so it feels the glow  
Of present joy, till our unstable decks  
Of pride and passion, swept o'er by the flow  
Of anguish and remorse, sink in despair below !

## XXVII.

This lay is for us, Nea, thee and me,  
And if the world should one day deem it worth  
The sacred toil of its enquiry,  
'Tis at its sweet disposal : from its birth  
We tended it, and from it yet will forth  
The truth that it is woven with us two.  
It may arouse the " philosophic mirth "  
Of those who are an im- " material crew,"  
To think I should accord this wondrous lay to you !

## XXVIII.

But this is recreation for my soul,  
To plunge in thought head foremost, and to draw,  
From whence I deem congenial on the whole,  
Thoughts which will set the little world in awe,  
And jot them down regardless of the paw  
Of crushing criticism poised on high ;  
Nor heed the bulging of his learned jaw,  
That howls—illiterate literature must die,  
And sentiment must seek for life another sky !

## XXIX.

I'll scatter broadcast o'er this changing page  
That seed which, when it merge into a crop,  
Shall cost to sort it toil from critics sage,  
And make their brains as dizzy as a top.  
Tho' admonition loudly cry to stop,  
I'll "ponder boldly" and reject her voice ;  
And when the muse is weary I will drop  
My pen, and will complacently rejoice  
That I have made "bad work" and caused a deal of noise

## XXX.

My Nea, dear, upon thy sacred head  
Descend the blessings of the heavenly band ;  
O'er thy dear form may angel prayers be said,  
And guardian truths around thee ever stand.  
Be pleasure thine, be love at thy command—  
Command it to my bosom, Nea, dear,  
And fill me with the spirit of my land,  
To deeply love and genuinely rear  
A temple in my heart, and thy abode be there.

## XXXI.

As falls the gentle dew upon the rose,  
So sink my love into my darling's breast,  
And wing her senses in a sweet repose,  
That she in light tranquillity may rest.  
Pure peace for her pure spirit I request ;  
Sweet coolness to thy pillow, gentle one ;  
The rose of health on thy fair cheek imprest,  
May'st thou arise with morning and the sun,  
And say his prayer was heard,—behold it has been done !

## XXXII.

The morn is up ! this is our sacred day,  
But when the shadows of the night descend,  
To us they'll be more sacred than the ray  
The brilliant sun doth o'er the earth extend ;  
For memory with night's mingling dusk shall blend,  
Leading us back to that remembered eve  
When thou didst bid uncertainty extend  
Her doubtful pinions, and my spirit leave,  
And thou didst from my lips my long-pent love receive.

## XXXIII.

Hour of hours, thou delight of years,  
The light which guides me from the shore of hate ;  
The source of a new life whose beauty wears  
Its freshness from decay ; defying fate—  
Claiming with calm simplicity its state.  
My Nea, this may not my love convey,  
This sky-aspiring heart must time await  
Ere it can flash, untrammelled as the day,  
Into thy soul the light which burns this house of clay.

## XXXIV.

Our fate will not allow the burning soul  
To pour its essence glowing on the page ;  
Its powers, like the sea-worn sands, control  
With helpless strength the rushing spirit's rage !  
The billows of emotion wild may wage  
War with the shore, but they cannot prevail—  
Cooped strengthless in their unassuming cage,  
They boil with fury, till, worn out, they trail  
Their length along the shore with an expiring wail.

## XXXV.

And thus, my Nea, I may not to thee  
Show those proud feelings which my heart contains,  
For thou art as the land, and I the sea,  
Which cannot rear its crest above the plains,  
But bounded by its destiny remains  
Curbed by the pleasure of the smiling shore—  
Sinking enamoured of its rage-worn chains,  
Growling a proud concession, then to roar  
With a renewing wrath, when the wild winds sweep o'er !

## XXXVI,

Emotion is the recompense of man !  
Sad, sweet, delightful, painful it may be,  
And each distinct o'erflow of it a span,  
Marking his course on to eternity !  
It is the master element, and we  
Whose breasts are its repositories, must,  
As mortal, bear from its recurring sea  
On our souls' brightness, the engendered rust  
Of its corroding waves—such our absorbent dust.

## XXXVII.

Come to me, Pleasure, with thy dark blue eyes—  
But thou art not my theme, yet I would steal  
Thy dimples from thee, if but to disguise  
That which we only can with smiles conceal.  
How is it looks betray whate'er we feel,  
Although the spirit 'gainst it doth rebel ;  
Yet time can with our pride convert the seal  
Of sorrow to proclaim that all is well  
Within that soul which is but thought's consuming hell !

## XXXVIII.

Thou hast abandoned me unto the foe—  
Deceiving Hope—yea sold me to despair,  
Which pours into my soul a ceaseless flow  
Of words which stifle my unheeded prayer !  
Vile Retrospection's eyes upon me glare—  
Its paws upon the idols I have proved :  
Imagination impregnates the air  
With fearful horrors—on my soul is groved  
The channels of dismay that whelms my wrecked beloved !

## XXXIX.

Here where I first surrendered to my grief,  
I shed the last of my fast-ebbing tears,  
Where vainly I entreated for relief ;  
I do renounce forever childish fears.  
Here where my silent soul her homage rears  
To magic beauty, I will dedicate  
The essence of my fast-decaying years—  
To stand in pride against remorseless fate,  
And laugh with scorn away the bitterness of hate.

•  
XL.

Nature must be admired—man should claim  
The smallest portion of our bosom thought,  
For nature's is an everlasting fame,  
And rearrays itself in garments fraught  
With a deep loveliness which woos us not  
Now to remember, the deceiving throng—  
Her beauty now in infancy is wrought  
With the skilled magic of a thrilling song  
Which sinks into the heart, giving to it a tongue

## XLI.

Filling the sense with harmony that swells  
In its delicious cadences, until  
The waving trestops where the zephyr dwells  
Speak for serenely, and the sloping hill  
Flees till it dies within the purling rill :  
These are her beauties, and it is for me  
To let her peace its strength in me instil,  
Drawing me from the phantoms which I see  
Trail their decoying shades between my soul and thee !

## XLII.

The happy redbreast calls unto his mate  
With steely whistle, which by her is heard  
And answered clearly, with the tender weight  
Of love in her soft call—sweet listening bird,  
Dear is the deep emotion thou has stirred  
I am like thee most happy ; shall I not  
Soon list distracted, to each whispered word  
From fairest maid that ever mortal sought  
O'er his fond universe, in the wide realms of thought ?

## XLIII.

Will she not—but it were unfitting here  
The joy of mutual passion to portray ;  
This magic beauty even is too drear  
To be companions to our spirits gay ;  
When she returns to reassume her sway :—  
Thou infant night how calmly dost thou steal  
In the aged footsteps of the fleeting day,  
How softly with thy dusky shadows reel  
O'er the receding plains, their beauties to conceal

## XLIV.

Thou hast asserted thy but fleeting power ;  
 As other despots thou shalt be deposed,  
 And disappear despairing with thine hour,  
 When light's swift train has for a time reposed  
 To gather strength which it was not supposed  
 Truth might acquire : but this is nature's law,  
 Alternately with right and wrong infused,  
 Light is a libertine that keeps in awe  
 The world's regardless mass, and its insatiate maw.

## XLV.

I gaze upon the stars, whose multitude  
 Brings wondering reflections in a host ;  
 I look upon the dark and solemn wood  
 Whose sombre shadows die upon the coast ;  
 Who can of their conception idly boast !  
 What are ye, tell me ye eternal lights,  
 That ye can thus arouse my fancy's Ghost,  
 Till the imagination she affrights  
 With her enquiring poise, questioning our rights !

## XLVI.

The murmur of the waters greets my ear,  
 As their exhausted length sinks on the sand,  
 Their voices lisp one story—it is here,  
 Is answered, that thy bosom doth demand.  
 Here is my barrier. Fate is yours, ye stand  
 In light enough your ignorance to see.  
 Something unseen hath the division plann'd,  
 That rears its walls betwixt thy soul and thee,  
 And thou mayst not unveil the firmly built decree.

## XLVII.

*Why* is the essence of the mortal soul  
 And life, and death, and recompense ? 'Tis this  
 That keeps aglow the nature-dying coal,  
 Called spirit, by the idle ; we would miss  
 The path of life, and into death's abyss  
 Drop as a star, if manhood were to cease  
 Their toil to find an answer that would kiss  
 With a delighted lip, and into peace  
 Sink the absorbing *Why* of that all boundless lease.



## XLVIII.

Man is the question, and the answer man—  
Strangely enough, but we may not consume  
The fleeting length of life's allotted span  
In trying to discover—ere the tomb  
Beauty's decay and her delightful bloom.  
'Tis toil mispent ! How wisdom glides away !  
When we most deem we have her, in her room,  
We find but the first reasoning of our clay  
Weighting her stead, with gloom, whence radiates no ray.

## XLIX.

Should mankind deem this but a "poet's rage,"  
Let them from the recesses of their heart  
Extract the records of their passion's page,  
And with the soul scan love's discoloured chart ;  
If this leaf is not of their life a part,  
Let them despise it ; but if so, forbear,  
Lest the recoiling of the mocking dart  
Pierce their own spirit and engender their  
Thoughts, which are not of hate, and keener than despair.

## L.

Perverted man, with custom girded round,  
Will laugh at that for which his heart doth bleed,  
And with his voice applaud the hated sound  
Of wheels which crush to dust the cherished seed  
Of Hope, and her bright train and wisdom's creed.  
Laugh not, thou mocker of thy secret soul !  
Swift comes the day when thou shalt inly plead  
For thy crushed heart to reassume control,  
And round thy hated past forgetfulness enrol.

## LI.

We are through pride and whim the sport of Fate  
That hurls us madly o'er the waves of time ;  
Some are become the servants of their hate,  
And nurse to feed it bitter fruits of crime.  
Some sink beneath the waters ere their prime,  
Seeking destruction in its source, self-love,  
Others will trail a life through serpent's slime,  
Rather than die and have the world reprove  
Their unrequited toil. These doth decay remove.

## LII.

And some live in the strength of idle words,  
Wearing their lives upon a subtle tongue ;  
And they who guide the pen but whet the swords  
Of cutting thought, which have been wielded long  
In hands, which are remorseless, sure and strong.  
Yea, they have much to answer for, but know  
They do not seek the tender heart to wrong ;  
They give, in kindness to the pent-up woe,  
Words which will burst its bonds and let the feeling flow.

## LIII.

Sorrow but rankles and corrodes the breast,  
And it is those who die despised in crime,  
Who, ere they were perverted loved the best  
And brightest beauties of immortal time,  
But sank despairing, when they failed to climb  
Ambition's ladder ! they are not to blame,  
And in the haunts of vice oft dwells sublime,  
Even in destruction, an eternal flame,  
Which has on Truth's true heart a stronger, deeper claim,

## LIV.

Than Virtue nursed in her serene abode,  
Nurtured and trained, and shielded from the gaze  
Of Evil, lurking ever by the road  
Where poverty amid temptation strays :  
And Vice is more deserving of our praise,  
If it has striven, though it were in vain,  
Than Virtue in her calm and smiling ways—  
Casting upon a fate her proud disdain,  
And complimenting self upon her tranquil reign.

## LV.

I write a welcome to thee, soothing thought !  
Thou can'st with music tranquillize my heart,  
And from my soul eradicate the spot  
That burns with an intensifying smart.  
Winged far away by thy seductive art,  
I breathe youth's perfumed breezes, Ah, once more  
I tread where laden primroses impart  
Their dewy fragrance on that smiling shore,  
Where beauty dwells enshrined pearled round with Ocean's roar !

## LVI.

Dear land of my devotion ! o'er thy sod,  
With the light footsteps of a baby's years,  
How oft my happy innocence has trod ;  
Where art thou now,—a seething ocean rears  
Its curling crests between us ; crushing fears  
Have ploughed young furrows faintly o'er my brow,  
But such is fate : thy absence more endears  
Thee to my heart, for thou art dearer now  
Than when thou didst to me with all thy beauty bow.

## LVII.

For thou wert in my innocence, my own !  
I was the master of unnumbered gems,  
When morning wept the darkness from her throne,  
And lavished diamonds on their nodding stems.  
That was a time whose purity condemns  
The deepest truth of seasons more mature,  
For selfishness around all action hems  
Her subtle forces, potent though obscure—  
When we attain the age to toil and to endure.

## LVIII.

My blessing on thee shine, my darling isle !  
Long may thy sons thy chivalry uphold,  
Although no more on them doth Freedom smile.  
Those Irish hearts within their generous mould  
Contain true valor on their walls enscrolled ;  
Long may 'at thou live, thou fever of my heart !  
Come soon the day when with her worth controlled  
Erin shall spurn her vile apportioned part,  
And from the path of years with blushing face depart.

## LIX.

My broken Erin ! I may never more  
Stand on thy lov'd and ever sacred soil,  
Nor see the rushing waves embrace thy shore  
And kiss thy cliffs in their aspiring toil !  
Would that I might ! but destiny may foil  
Me and my wishes. But though I may not  
See thee again, thou ne'er shall be the spoil  
Of dull forgetfulness, nor shalt thou rot  
In that indifferent way, remembered and forgot.

## LX.

No ! thou shalt be within my heart a blaze,  
 A note of sorrow and a theme of song ;  
 And thou shalt have on earth my latest praise,  
 When speech falls slowly from my aged tongue—  
 From my heart only with its breaking wrung.  
 Dear isle of living heroes, thou art mine !  
 The proudest laurel fate has ever hung  
 With her strange hand on my still stranger line,  
 Is that I may my name in love with thine entwine :

## LXI.

To feel I am united with the race  
 Whence sprung such men as Grattan, Burke, and Moore,  
 And dauntless souls, who hurled defeat's disgrace  
 On Europe's scourge, whose brow serenely wore  
 'Victor,' encrimsoned with a crescent's gore,—  
 Makes me feel justly proud ! Thou peerless land,  
 When shall thine arms, as on Clontarf of yore,  
 Beat back the hordes that have thy misery planned,  
 And man again to man in truth united stand !

## LXII.

'Tis now the closing of another day,  
 The sunæst spreads in colors like the rose ;  
 The glorious orb sinks silently away,  
 'Midst clouds of wreathing flame, to his repose !  
 Up from the east advancing Darkness throws  
 The heralds of her coming, but the west  
 Allures me most, for its clear beams disclose  
 Their smiles above that beauty which impress'd  
 Its seal upon my soul, and made my senses blest.

## LXIII.

There is a voiceless music in the air !  
 The breezes kiss and part harmoniously ;  
 The heaven is one vast and mighty prayer,  
 And sheds upon the soul a majesty :  
 The humble floweret closes silently  
 As if in exhortation ! Evening, pure  
 Grand is thy tender charm, simplicity,  
 Which speaketh to the hearts of rich and poor,  
 Reminding them of God and His immortal shore

## LXIV.

Thou shedst a peace, too, which is not explained ;  
Maybe if so its harmony were dead—  
Perhaps its subtle charm may be contain'd  
In that it may not by the tongue be read.  
The glorious day is gone, her brilliance shed ;  
The night's tranquillity is stealing o'er  
Me and my page with her all silent tread.  
Farewell ! thou day, whom nothing can restore—  
'Tis one step less, to toil towards that uncertain shore !

## LXV.

Sisterly, friendly, fond parental ties  
Shatter'd in quick succession, love decay'd,  
Not even hope to dry the streaming eyes !  
All fled away to fate's remorseless shade—  
Affliction's crushing hand is on me laid,  
Yet have I struggled to endure, unknown,  
The burden which perhaps was justly weigh'd,  
With a calm courage which is hate's alone,  
But 'tis a fatal strength, and turns the heart to stone.

## LXVI.

Our love is the commencement of our hate—  
The trodden flower will never cease to grow,  
But spreads its tortured bulk against the weight  
of its oppressor, and my heart seems so,  
And it with liquid fire doth overflow,  
Till the sense reels with an accursed despair :  
Oh may the flood of my recurring woe  
Whelm those whose hearts rejected my fond prayer—  
Breathed from an anguished soul, that they my heart would  
spare !

## LXVII.

Man is an argument against his kind,  
A mystery, a myth, — what art thou, man—  
Thou leaf that quivers to each frivolous wind—  
Canst thou accord an answer ? Ah, how wan  
And frail and weak is thy uncertain span,  
And thou, who scarcely dost to life awake  
Ere thou again art ashes ! In the plan  
Call'd universal, thou art but a stake  
To mark the march of Time, then sink within his wake.

## LXVIII.

Ye tiny leaves, ye open with a grace  
 That puts to shame our murmuring ; ye are  
 A hope of a bright world and better race  
 Removed from our mortality afar ;  
 Between ye there is no accursed war,  
 Nor for a breath contention—each one's own  
 Is morn, and noon, and night, and sun and star,  
 And if thy sister hath more beauty shown,  
 It spreads thy canopy, or makes for thee a throne.

## LXIX.

But man, vile man, would have himself the most,  
 Nor cares on whom he treads in his mad toil  
 To gain that which is but an idle boast,  
 And will with him become of Time the spoil !  
 Ah ! Fame thou art of thine own self the foil,  
 The grave of thine own glory ; fatal star,  
 Thou dost with innocence bedew thy soil,  
 And hurl thy captives headlong into war  
 With Truth and Peace and Love, if they thy progress mar !

## LXX.

And yet there is a fame that is not fame,  
 'Tis the true worth of an untarnished soul,  
 Such is accorded to the mighty name  
 Of Washington, inscribed on honor's scroll  
 By Virtue. He was one who would not roll,  
 His truth around deception to deceive  
 The valor which he held in his control,  
 Thus Falsehood shook, and he made men believe  
 There yet is truth in man, whose love he did receive.

## LXXI.

Ah, Washington ! thine was a glorious race !  
 No sordid motive bared thy burnished blade ;  
 No fame nor glory didst thou hold in chase,  
 Save that which *Liberty* eternal made !  
 No threaten'd torture, toil or pain allayed  
 The fever of thy passion to be free ;  
 Success was thine, and Freedom hath arrayed  
 A Continental arch from sea to sea,  
 That waves o'er tranquil homes—a monument to thee.

## LXXII.

And I, the mosty unworthy, may adore  
The worthiest of mankind ! I, a slave,  
And son of bondmen who have given o'er  
Their toil for that which meaner nations crave.  
Oh, Erin ! shall the soul-destroying wave  
Of whimsical preference-fool thy gaze,  
And float apart thy kindred to the grave  
Of that fraternal valor, which displays  
Pow'rs which alone can hurl the tyrant from his stays !

## LXXIII.

But thou, 'the Cincinnatus of the west,'  
The idol of all hearts, nor less of mine,  
Hast stamped thy name upon a nation's crest,  
With that unselfish sacrifice of thine.  
Thou didst a stern command with love entwine ;  
Thy nation needs thee now as ne'er before—  
Degenerate hands are veering from the line  
Which thy bright banner first was flaunted o'er—  
Is thy example flown—remember they no more !

## LXXIV.

Oh, happy fate, that stole thy life away  
Ere thy toil was corrupted ; happy thou  
Who didst thy labours in their bloom survey,  
Then sink to sleep with an untroubled brow ;  
But it would grieve thee couldst thou see it now.  
Vile Rapine stalking, careless of disguise,  
The Peace long planted, rooted by the plough  
Of mercenary millions who despise  
That which thou didst relieve, the honest toilers' cries.

## LXXV.

Of earth, as of thy nation, this is true !  
The avarice of man at length will swerve  
The Power from the path she should pursue  
The beauties free of mankind to preserve.  
What can, or does, the gilded Wealth deserve,  
That cheats poor Labour of her sacred due ?  
And wrings forth from the toilers' quivering nerve,  
The balm to satiate the lustful crew—  
Who dine on aching frames and heartwrung bosoms too !

## LXXVI.

The living lures me from thee, sacred dead !  
 They feel, and thou hast felt, as they before—  
 Let this procure my pardon. Nothing said  
 Or sung or written, can exalt thee more  
 Than thou hast been exalted, far, far o'er  
 The rest of mankind to that dizzy height  
 Beyond the sound of Hate's distracting roar,  
 Where Envy fails to throw her tarnished light  
 On glory all thine own,—thou beacon of the right !

## LXXVII.

While roars the ocean round thy union wide,  
 While earth revolves and day accords her light,  
 Thou shalt of Honour be the honoured pride ;  
 A source of strength, and an example bright.  
 Nations unborn shall hail thee with delight,  
 Thou passport unto freedom : men shall feel  
 Endued with strength to battle for the right,  
 With a fierce arm and an undaunted zeal,  
 From thy swift name engraved on Liberty's bright steel

## LXXVIII.

Repose in the calm beauty of thy fame ;  
 And though unable to accord to thee,  
 The brilliant lines that should surround thy name,  
 I can inscribe that one word *Libertie* ;  
 Thou dost not nor can they ask more from me—  
 That is enough, the watchword of the world,  
 The sound that thrills the nations to be free,  
 By which the tyrants are from power hurled—  
 Which flaunts again the flag that despotism furl'd !

## LXXIX.

Not soon shall men forget thy lesson taught—  
 Its potency has surged across the seas,  
 And flings its fresh'ning waves o'er many a spot  
 Where slaves have toiled and withered, wealth to please ;  
 And despots, less secure in time-built ease,  
 Start from their dreams in terror. May they quail,  
 Not vainly, but tyrannical disease  
 Be swept from earth by the uprising gale  
 That heralds in their fear—the storm that will assail



## LXXX.

And shake from the foundation built by time  
And wealth and custom, that accursed pile  
Whose steps accord a strength to regal crime,—  
A stand of power to each varlet vile,  
Who o'er a land of breaking hearts can smile,  
And wring reward from virtue for his lust !  
Sweep on, thou flame, o'er continent and isle,  
Till all Oppressors moulder in the dust—  
Burn thou from tarnished Worth the accumulated rust !

## LXXXI.

Must thou too, fair Kanada, feel the strain,  
Of power building vacillating rule !  
Must we now sue for that procured by pain,  
And barter freedom for a grey-haired fool !  
Are thy sons not of their brave father's school,  
Whose code held not submission ; or have they  
Eschewed their precepts and let valour cool,  
And be forgot in this degenerate day—  
Does thy breast not embrace Worth's precedental clay !

## LXXXII.

The power established by the toil of years  
Is being warped from Worth's complacent hands;  
To steep thy gen'rous soil in bitter tears,  
Whereon as yet, no despotism stands.  
Will they awake not ! are these hated bands  
To weave around them sleeping ! no, a wail  
Is shrieked forth from already bounden lands.  
Oh ! by their sorrows profit, ere thy pale  
Of freedom is erased, and tyrants o'er it trail !

## LXXXIII.

Sufficient unto thee. May Freedom hang  
Her banner o'er her children, who await  
With beating heart the brazen trumpet's clasp  
To marshal them to battle ! now man's fate  
Seems tottering undecided ; shall the weight  
Of Truth or Tyranny sink down the scale !  
Shall blood-dyed sires to their babes relate,  
That Freedom glimmered once, or shall we hail  
Her new-born day arise from wrecks of battle's gale !

## LXXXIV.

Now to the world I dedicate this lay—  
The humble offering of a rustic bard,  
One born among the poor though prouder clay,  
Who scorns to flatter for a vile reward ;  
Whose chiefest end in life is well to guard  
The feelings bright of truth, and conscience clear,  
And not too much to wail the fate which starved  
Me 'mid the meteors of a lowly sphere—  
Where life is thought denied—ambition checked career.

## LXXXV.

And linked amid the lust which round it lies,  
Chained to the earth of ignorance and hate,  
Close guarding in its breast the fettered sighs  
Of aspiration, craving life from fate.  
Herein are both my sorrow and my state ;  
But let me not too much of this disclose,  
Or rhyme these matters of so slight a weight  
That all true poets should reserve for prose—  
But am I of these same ? He but shall judge who knows.

## LXXXVI.

I claim no kindred with the mightier minds,  
Who sang Fame's guard to slumber, and forgot,  
When they gave names eternal to the winds,  
That theirs, were not the spirits all, which sought  
To build them temples of the deathless thought,  
Whereof each atom is a bosom deed,  
In some uncertain shape, or certain wrought :  
There are and have been millions of their creed,  
Building and toiling on, while inwardly they bleed.

## LXXXVII.

And wherefore bleed ? Because man is unjust  
Unto his own creation, and when one  
Of his own kindred rises from the dust,  
He is scorched back to ashes by their sun  
Of envy, and its causes, which begun  
To work when Eve first plucked the curséd tree,  
And has with its effects and curses run  
Along the years, with earth's mortality—  
Causing the tears of woe to flow—a boundless sea.

## LXXXVIII.

Is it not strange—! but no, that must not be—  
With earth, for her we deal with, must I stay  
And keep my child of thought, which leadeth me  
Beyond myself from the abodes of clay,  
From her wild wanderings, if I would survey  
Life with a temperate soul, and heart subdued  
To beat in calm accordance with the day  
Which lights the men who deem themselves as good—  
Thrice happy, happy they—thus heaven that I could.

## LXXXIX.

But I have lived a life which has not been  
Even what it might have been, which was not much,  
If I may judge who saw the opening scene—  
Wealth spurning Honor from her bloated touch,  
And Worth, by Malice maimed, upon the crutch  
Of scorn-defying hope still halting on,  
Deeming in its inherited darkness, such  
Must, as necessitate evils, wait upon  
Him who would from the realm of lower life be gone.

## XC.

I mean the lower life of grovelling thought,  
Where men on breath of other men have built  
A refuge from the truth which comes unsought,  
That they, alas! are panders unto guilt.  
The air means freedom, and shall Wisdom wilt  
'Neath wealth's contracted artificial dome,  
And stranger damp distil, which doth not melt  
Into its bosom as it doth at home,  
When from the scopeless sky true dews descending come.

## XCI.

Can man tame down his soul to meet the breath  
Of lungs which reek from dunghills of old views?  
Shall we forever cease to question death,  
Because it's truth we can no less refuse?  
Shall we let weaker minds their way infuse  
Into our own, because they are not ours?  
No! let the inward sun itself diffuse  
O'er our soul's pure, young, joyous opening flowers,  
Which there had never grown had God not sent the showers.

## XCII.

We have been made to make unto ourselves  
 That which shall bear us farthest from the old,  
 Dull path of dotards, fairies, sprites, and elves,  
 Who in *their* day the universe controll'd ;  
 The march of centuries hath the truth unrol'd,  
 That all those deemed eternal passed away,  
 And soon, too, shall the present's death be knoll'd,  
 And it shall sleep enwrapp'd with foul decay—  
 And that which rules us now shall render up its away.

## XCIII.

It strikes a cord pathetic in the heart  
 To feel the end of our existence steal  
 Across the brain, as tho' to mark the chart  
 With a black ink-stain, where the life must reel  
 After its fellows ; but why should we feel  
 Regret, when there is such a little here,  
 For which we should inspire the fainting zeal !  
 To say a farewell to each passing year—  
 What is it causes this, in me 'tis not a fear.

## XCIV.

It is a something past the singling out  
 For definition ; it may be it is  
 A wish to see, who next may gain the shout,  
 Or the applause of millions, or the hiss,  
 It may be : but no matter, from the abyss  
 Of death a moment I would idly pause,  
 And why I know not, but can not dismiss  
 The wish to linger, and whate'er the cause,  
 'Tis no less potent than all other probeless laws.

## XCV.

Now this perhaps you deem an idle strain,  
 And you deem wisely, well, if thus you think ;  
 I know that such it is, a subtle pain  
 Writes on my heart that truth, withouten ink ;  
 But Fancy hovering ever on the brink  
 Of her own bright creation says, not so.  
 Perhaps these idle words may prove the link  
 To join a friend, and one to soothe a foe  
 From his unfounded hate—if not, why let it go.

## XCVI.

I can with thee, my fancy, pierce the clouds,  
And soar on thy swift wing an endless flight ;  
Or with thee resurrect and from their shrouds  
Call forth the dead ! I can disperse the night,  
And sleep, and wake and revel in the right.  
Ah, 'tis but fancy, we can never be  
In this abode of clay, the beings bright—  
The true and living images, which we  
With thy delightful aid can deem, and feel, we see.

## XCVII.

But I must close this unregarded page,  
And that reminds me that this life of ours  
Ends like this dream, succumbing unto Age  
(How at that name the sweet young feeling cowers,)  
Or rather Time ; for we are like the flowers  
Which grow not old, but in their season die,  
Withering away, while down the autumn glowers,  
Breathing its pestilence from earth to sky,  
From sky to earth, till those that bloomed in ashes lie.

## XCVIII.

And now to ye who dwelt a moment's rest  
On this outbreaking of the spirit's wave—  
A long adieu ! we sever—it is best,  
And if condemned to dark oblivion's grave,  
I have no wishes, but if not, I crave  
To be remembered as a child of song,  
Who dared the rancour of my foes to brave,  
And strung my words, tho' broken scunds, along  
Those feelings which would give to sterner hearts a tongue !

## XCIX.

And should we meet again, be it in love.  
Adieu ! the evening casts her shadows o'er  
Regret, which, be it mutual, time will prove  
To have been felt not vainly. Grief may pour  
Her past-erasing sorrows gray and hoar,  
O'er me and o'er my spirit, but I will  
Remember this a vision of the shore  
Where once I loved, and am beloved still,—  
A dream that o'er me speeds a reawakening thrill.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

The moon rose slowly from her liquid rest  
Upon her rippling pillow, to reclimb  
With golden feet towards the shadowed west,  
With the soft music of a perfect rhyme ;  
While o'er the city by a hand sublime  
Were hung the sparkling diadems of light,  
Whose lustre, polished by eternal Time,  
Swept a bright beauty o'er the face of night,  
Which the sweet breezes kiss'd with murmurs of delight.

## II.

The winds lay lull'd on the scarce heaving wave,  
Sighing themselves to silence and repose ;  
The midnight stillness to the moonlight gave  
The subtle charm of solitude, whence flows  
A peace as perfume from the opening rose,  
O'er the wrapt senses, and the ripples stopt  
Half-daringly across the golden glows  
Of the bright moonlight's flame, which, dancing slept  
Unconscious of the breeze that gently o'er it crept.

## III.

A lightning-coloured cloud with folded wing,  
Was poised in sweet serenity high o'er  
The childhood home of the once wave wide king,  
Who carried vict'ry to his native shore.  
But glory fades, and the tumultuous roar  
Of earth's swift-swaying many ceases soon,  
And Hanlan now is conqueror no more,  
And with defeat beheld the full round moon  
Of fame fade, die, and end, like day eclipsed at noon.

## IV.

And like the wave thy skiff once cast behind,  
Thy glory chance may ripple for a while  
In the dispersing bubbles, which the wind  
Will wave to sameness, with her passing smile.  
Is there no more than this ? yes, while yon pile  
Of mighty structures greets the morning sky,  
Thy name shall rest upon this crescent isle  
Which cradled forth thine immortality,—  
'Tis all the greatest gain, for all, all else will die !

## V.

A name ! Ah cold, on the unfeeling stone,  
On which perhaps the curious eye may gaze ;  
Or maybe Love's, whose soft glance would atone  
For the heartrending strife which hereon lays  
The dwindled spoils of many toilsome days,  
And sleepless nights, and wild unwelcome dreams,  
And laboured longing for earth's idle praise,  
Which fades to nothing, as experience teems  
With death into the breast in renovating streams.

## VI.

And thine is one of many once warm names.  
What is the rest ? No more ! The moonbeams cling  
With golden brilliance where the spire claims  
Fraternity with heaven, and would bring  
Me to my purpose with a silent wing.  
Thou Princess of the West, \*Kanada's pride !  
How shall this hapless bard attempt to sing  
That song which thine own eloquence denied  
To patriotic hearts in their most tender tide !

## VII.

But thou art queenly in this misty dress  
Of constellated light with darkness hung,  
And calmly beauteous in the silentness  
Of sleeping midnight, and for one so young,  
A wondrous record round thine heart is clung.  
Thou mother of true valor—thou shalt be  
The electric spark on honor's noble tongue ;  
For thou didst cradle forth to victory  
Souls of a dauntless cast that wove a wreath for thee :

## VIII.

A wreath that will not fade with shriv'ling age,  
But which the wrecking years shall more adorn.  
Yea, time will cast a halo o'er that page,  
Which dwells not there when it is freshly torn  
From out the press, whose stamp is scarcely worn  
On that damp record of most shameful days.  
Not thine to question, of enquiry shorn,  
It lay with thee to act in valor's ways—  
Well was thy part performed, and thou shalt have the praise.

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\* The Indian name for Canada, which I have adopted because of its  
armony.

## IX.

Ye heroes of the strife ! ye sons of sires  
Who left a name untarnished, be it thine  
To guard with jealous care these sacred spires,  
Whose dear connections build on freedom's line ;  
Let not your birthright's sun on tyrants shine  
Uncrimsoned with your blood, but on this shore  
Pour forth the patriotic stream divine,  
And wake the vengeance that will sleep no more  
Till it hath purged the land, and shed Oppression a gore !

## X.

Oh, war ! thou grim alternative of truth,  
May ne'er thy revels horrify this land,  
Nor rend the aged, nor blast the budding youth  
'Neath thy hot breath and feverish command !  
Still there is Valor here if Right demand,  
But smiling Peace is noble, sweetly dear ;  
And we would have her dwell upon this strand  
Forever and forever, and would rear  
Her monument of joy to skies from war clouds clear

## XI.

Youth, darling youth ! ah thou too fleeting joy,  
Life's every phase proclaims itself thy foe !  
But yesterday I played with thee—a boy,  
And now, alas ! Ah would that I might know  
Again those fields where envy dared not grow—  
But those are fled. Forgive me, gentle night !  
And ye clear skies whose all eternal bow  
Breathes from anticipation a respite—  
And o'er my spirit floods unutt'able delight.

## XII.

But Nature loves to soothe herself with sighs,  
And man's dark spirit fondles over pain,  
Till something wakes ingratitude's surprise,  
And sears a lightning track across the brain.  
Have ye no comfort—see this heaving plain  
Of glistening waters, how it murmuring sleeps,  
And when it foams doth it not foam in vain—  
This lesson learned, the scholar never weeps ;  
But 'tis a fearful task, and tops tremendous steep !



## XIII.

And he who never learns need feel no shame,  
For he is Nature's child, true to the tree  
That fed his blasted leaves with scorching flame  
Drawn from the soil of Fate's unveiled decree,  
Whereto are rooted trunks that fain would be  
Resolved again to dust. Yes, Nature's child,  
Who even loves maternal mockery,  
And dwells with her defiled yet undefiled,  
Chain'd to a soul to which the hurricane is mild !

## XIV.

Feel not a shame ! for many things combine  
To balk thee from completion of thy toil ;  
Things growing subtle as the tender vine,  
Which weave their strength around thee, Love and Guile,  
And Sympathy, and the forbearing smile ;  
Hope, Hate, Scorn, Envy of the number are,  
And thou must struggle through a narrowing aisle,  
O'er sweeping streams and up the mountains far,  
To gain what seems to Woe the one desired star.

## XV.

Put 'tis a meteor flashing o'er the gloom,  
To fade with comprehension. Even woe  
Has joy which that repose could ne'er assume,  
The right to let the bursting spirits flow ;  
And ye who burn from pain's restricted glow,  
Will deem this a confession from your soul,  
And love it, being undisguised—and so  
I have accomplished part, if not the whole  
Of that which caused keen grief to read again its scroll.

## XVI.

The moon has sunk behind the hills ! the sun  
Wakes blushing from his slumber, and the stars  
Have shrunk into the dawning one by one !  
While mounted on her fast retreating cars,  
The darkness flees before this crimson Mars.  
Awakening Day ! I greet thee with a sigh,  
And shrink with trembling spirit from the jars  
Contained in thy wide compass. Moaning by,  
The dank dawn breezes sweep, the waves wake sullenly,

## XVII.

Shocking each other as with heedless hate,  
Quarrelling with many voices, till they swell  
And wing their foam-crests with the speed of fate  
Across the surface of their heaving hell.  
Between the waves greet the sleeping valleys dwell,  
While down their slopes the liquid emeralds glide—  
Beads on an airy arc. The Gale's drear shell  
Shrieks a convulsion o'er the rushing tide—  
The spray-crowned waves surge on, the strongest side by side.

## XVIII.

The shore in stately silence waits the charge ;  
O'er-canopied with clouds ; the Gale speeds more ;  
Before its rushing breath the boiling surge  
Leaps frenzied into fury, on the shore,  
It booms, it breaks, it sinks with sullen roar.  
The winds the trophied echoes bear away—  
The waves reserved, disheartened idly pour  
Their mocking tears commingled with soft spray,  
Upon their sandy chain, and thus awakes the day.

## XIX.

But I, the second pilgrim, must away,  
And strive to live a life which I must hate,  
And mingle 'midst the mercenary clay—  
Whose god is gold, where wealth alone is great ;  
And tho' my spirit shrink, a smile elate  
Shall glow above the coward, and disguise  
The combat 'twixt my feelings and my fate.  
Thus to Earth's wisdom shall I then seem wise,  
And look on wealth alone with aught like longing eyes !

## XX.

Oh, Poverty ! thy keen, accursed grip  
Has caused more sins and woes than Satan ere  
Loosed in his envious cunning from the slip  
Of hell, to revel 'midst our clay despair,  
The hardest of our blemishes to bear.  
But thou canst not impoverish the heart ;  
Unshaken it withstands thy famished glare,  
And, what surpasses all the praise of art,  
Shares void of recompense its morsel's chiefest part.

## XXI.

But I must say farewell and feel it, too ;  
 The sullen morning will not brook delay,  
 To friendship and unfriendliness adieu—  
 But whither forth. Alas, I cannot say !  
 Uncertainty, of stormy hearts the spray,  
 Hangs misty o'er futurity, and I  
 In sorrow gaze upon its leaden gray,  
 Nor see one beck'ning gleam illumine the sky,  
 To speak of future hope, or check the curious sigh.

## XXII.

Do I grow selfish in my simple woe !  
 Had I a friend, that friend would be my theme,  
 But I have watched love's vaunted passion grow  
 Mature and wither, like an arrowed dream ;  
 No more on me shall beauty shed her gleam,  
 Or light the wretched ruins of my soul ;  
 And I may wander by each lonely stream,  
 And present misery with the past condole—  
 As far removed from love as is the pole from pole.

## XXIII.

And as I dreamed, I saw the years roll'd back—  
 A curly prattler play'd beside the sea,  
 Which toss'd its briny waves high o'er a wreck  
 That lay upon the beach, and dreamed that he  
 Smiled innocently, safe in childish glee.  
 And then I saw him from his birth-place torn,  
 And this awoke me from my reverie ;  
 No sea or child was there, a man did mourn  
 O'er vanished dreams alone, as if of kindred shorn.

## XXIV.

He was of sorrow's brotherhood his eye ;  
 Was large, and dark, and delicately fine,  
 As darkly lustrous as the midnight sky ;  
 And o'er his brow the veins crept as a vine  
 Over a marble, where its tendrils twine  
 In love, and through the masses of his hair,  
 The lithe warm fingers ran, a sighing pine  
 Moaned o'er his head and trembled in the air—  
 In sympathy I spoke, and lo, he was not there !

## XXV.

But on the ground a manuscript close writ  
 Lay, and I seized it, while the morning clung  
 In tears, fast to the scroll, which sorrow lit  
 With ink-stained figures, in the English tongue ;  
 And would not lease her beauty, but still hung  
 Weeping upon its space, and seemed to feel  
 Like mortal things, and her pure silence stung  
 Me into reading that which might reveal  
 Her love, and what it meant, and here I break the seal.

## XXVI.

" Are all estranged—has Mother too, grown cold ?  
*She* should have been the last, and did she say  
 She loved me not ; and Mary, has she sold  
 Affection ; and bright Maggie, is she gay,  
 And am I to my Father, worthless clay.  
 Is there *no* home-heart that still throbs for me ?  
 Are all the kindred bosoms pass'd away ?  
 Is there no echo of that harmony  
 In which our mutual souls united, full and free ?

## XXVI.

The old house on the hill, is it no more ?  
 I loved its grim decay ; and are the brooks  
 Murmuring their music as they did of yore ?  
 And the old volumes, those dear faded books—  
 Could this worn soul now recognize those nooks  
 Where Mother play'd, a girl with me a boy.  
 Does she, oh, tell me, wear the same sweet looks  
 She gave me ere we — ? Does she smile with joy ?  
 Is she my Mother still ; does time that tie destroy ?

## XXVIII.

The sweet, white roses, by the garden walk,  
 They must be there, I feel they are the same ;  
 Tho' we are not, for once in childish talk,  
 We gave to every bud a precious name.  
 Our baby titles, you and I did claim  
 A certain one, and this was Mother dear,  
 And this was Father ; can it be that shame  
 Has shook the petals hence. Does Kathleen fear  
 The thorn, dear dark-eyed babe, are we not happy here ?

## XXIX.

I hear the cattle lowing, and the birds  
Piping a concert from the quivering trees,  
And list the cadence of a thousand words,  
From voices dear, borne gently on the breeze.  
I see the horses coming at their ease,  
With evening stateliness along the lane ;  
The loose-clucked shoe on Punch, I think he sees  
Me—No ! ah ! no he's dead—a noble strain—  
But Mother loved me once, and must she not again."

## XXX.

The tears o'ercame me, and I stood alone,  
Chain'd to my thought, and then the Morning flew  
Over the hills, and at my casement shone,  
And I awoke !  
How beautiful the dew !  
Sparkling like Hope, at clear June sunrise too ;  
Oh happy morning ! on what silent wings,  
Did'st thou arrive ; repurpling the hue  
Of Night's retreating shadows—are thy springs  
Shut from our mortal gaze, like those of sterner things !

## XXXI.

My dream has flown, and now to life again !  
The Morn expands her glory o'er the vale ;  
The remnants of Night's shadows flee the plain,  
And vanish west in their maternal trail.  
The birds, of music, make a perfect gale ;  
The rose reigns regal in her morning bloom,  
Blushing a recognition finely frail ;  
Her bosom grants the amorous dew-drop room—  
A grave of scented walls—would I might find such tomb !

## XXXII.

Bright Phœbus glowing veils his piercing eye,  
Abash'd to view the Earth so fresh from sleep ;  
The jewelled damsel seemeth not so coy  
As other maids who less decorum keep,  
On her fresh breast and bare so let him peep—  
No falsehood in that bosom bright is borne ;  
Were Man's as free from guile he would not weep,  
His spirit by remorse were never torn,  
And he might meet his God as she doth meet the morn !

## XXXIII.

Oh ! could I paint the sunlight and the sun,  
The earth and her accoutrements, the trees,  
The silver brook, and make it's bubbling run,  
Splash music o'er the canvas ; and the breeze  
Wade through the foliage with this tranquil ease,  
And kiss the flowers on the trailing vines ;  
I then might hope the eye and ear to please,  
And stir the admiration which these lines,  
But half infuse with life, because my strength incline.

## XXXIV.

To linger o'er the throbbings of the heart,  
To seek its source, and image forth a woe ;  
To find the joy that justice can impart ;  
To hate the sight of aught that breathes of show.  
I feel that Earth is beautiful, I know  
'Tis worthy admiration, but the soul  
Of man is that which makes Earth's beauty so ;  
He is of this wide universe the whole—  
It's glory were as naught if he had no control.

## XXXV.

And yet his power oft is misapplied,  
To wreak a vengeance on a fallen foe ;  
Or with the baser passions is allied,  
To steal from Virtue's cheek the sacred glow ;  
To lay the tottering frame of Honor low ;  
To——But enough, for those who these pursue,  
Will work themselves at last a sterner woe  
Than their remorseless strength once darted through  
Truth's tender, trusting heart, that bled with grief anew.

## XXXVI.

If outward influence sways the subtle sense,  
Mankind should all be infidels, for they  
Prefer no trust in aught, and deem pretence  
Has grown the firm belief of christian clay.  
"Trust nothing !" Are they right ? my woe would say,  
With their cold judgment, for I have believed  
In some, in many, in the grave, the gay,  
By all save one my faith has been relieved  
Of her beloved load,—for they have all deceived,

## XXXVII.

The ties of blood, that should have scorned an end,  
Have snapped like cordage or a blackened sail,  
And I have even known the merest friend  
Stand longest loyal in the sweeping gale ;  
Have seen Parental bonds the first to fail,  
And meet the world as they had never been,  
Heedless as marble ! Truth will not prevail,  
For I a sister's christian grace have seen  
Work her own kindred wrong, and yet she smiled serene.

## XXXVIII.

Yet thy insult embittered not my soul,  
But kindled there a feeling which hath grown  
Until 'tis sunder'd from my pride's control ;  
Ah, no ! my heart is not like thine—a stone !  
Fain would I deem thou hadst not of that known.  
Oh, sister, sister, art thou all to blame ?  
If so thou canst not for this wound atone,  
Nor with thy voice that silent card reclaim—  
Ah, no ! till thou art dust 'twill be to thee a shame !

## XXXIX.

I loved thee always, if I showed it not ;  
'Twas Nature's fault, not mine, and 'twas for thee  
To wean me from my melancholy thought,  
And make me happy with contagious glee.  
But no, thou wouldst not, they, nor even she  
Who cursed me with my birthright to be sad,  
Perceived that I was not of accents free,  
But called me sullen, selfish, even mad—  
Thus adding to the gloom my soul already had.

## XL.

Adieu to these ! Niagara, thy roar  
Is as the voice of freedom sounding far,  
And thundering Libertie to either shore,  
With boom that puts to shame the breath of war.  
The clouds which hover softly o'er thee are  
Symbolical of peace ; while thou, fierce flood,  
Hast all the fury of a plunging star,  
Churning its liquid flames to foaming blood,  
And overturning worlds that have for ages stood.

## XLI.

Forever pour thy dashing speed along  
Between the homes of Freedom and the free ;  
And chant forever thy resounding song  
To hearts that may re-echo liberty.  
The first who dares destroy thy purity,  
Or bridge thee for enslavers, may thy roar  
Cease like a thunderbolt, and o'er thy sea  
The chill of horror fall and wrap him o'er,  
Dry up thy foaming flood and be thy voice no more.

## XLII.

Thou wonder of the savages when they  
Roamed in their barbarous innocence thy shore,  
And saw their mighty Spirit in thy spray,  
And kneeled in humble worship to adore,  
Does indignation not augment thy roar  
To see them sink 'neath civilized decay ?  
Does not convulsion shake thy tresses hoar  
To see them perish ?—prisoners and the prey  
Of time's enlightened race, the Indian's god of clay

## XLIII.

Oft did the redman in his bark canoe  
Cheat thy swift current with an agile oar,  
Where yonder rapids break from placid blue  
To toss in terror down their rocky floor.  
He too has heard thee—liquid monster—roar  
In foaming fury, for the final break,  
And seen thy quivering bosom heave once more,  
Then plunge with force that made these huge walls quake,  
Then writhing, rushing on to sink within the lake.

## XLIV.

The Indian seeks no more thy glorious tide—  
Now nearer to the spirit land he strays,  
Where wilt the remnants of the forest's pride—  
The tokens sad of more unfettered days !  
Bold independence prompts no more his lays,  
His foot treads heavy where the noontide sun,  
Unshaded, pours along its scorching rays  
On plains whereon no more the red deer run—  
These took not long to learn the white man's haunts to shun.



## XLV.

The otters and the beavers all are slain,  
The bison seeks a solitude remote,  
And stately cities smoke upon the plain,  
And steamers have displaced the fragile boat.  
The savage o'er his vengeance well may gloat,  
His spirit was not formed to relish these ;  
What wonder if his fast expiring note  
Shriek wrath and wailing 'gainst a toil's decrees,  
When nature nursed his race in indolence and ease.

## XLVI.

His father's graves are rooted by the plough ;  
The axe has laid the pine and cedar low ;  
In vain he searcheth for his wigwam now ;  
His hunting grounds are limited, and so  
He bends no more his now discarded bow.  
Alone, a remnant of his vanished race,  
He eyes the white man with a savage woe,  
And bears with stoic pride his dear disgrace—  
He may not bear it long—death will his chains displace.

## XLVII.

Where are his wives, his children and his braves,  
Those helpers in the peace and these in war !  
They sleep in unregarded, trampled graves,  
The white man's crops above their bosoms are.  
He to the westward then may hie afar—  
Here no apparent thing his love delays,  
Nought here remains save what his memories mar,  
And where in ocean sink his former days,  
He may await the end while shame upon him preys !

## XLVIII.

There undisturbed to listen for the call  
Of his Great Spirit, and resign his pain,  
While the Pacific laps the rocky wall  
That barred his once uncivilized domain.  
His former haunts now bear the odious reign  
Of pale usurpers, wherefore should he stay ?  
He from his pride may never cleanse the stain ;  
Proud independence animates his clay,  
And death hath freedom still—thus let him pass away.

## XLIX.

Let him depart ! no more his arrow wings  
 With feathered fleetness to the wild deer's heart,  
 Where'er it may be found, the bullet sings  
 In its despatch o'erstepping his rude art.  
 The weapons of the conflict lie apart,  
 And monuments of toil usurp the shore ;  
 At lessening intervals Trade builds her mart ;  
 On every breeze is borne the stifled roar  
 Of Labour's gathering groan. The Indian hunts no more !

## L.

Who does not feel for these ! But they have been,  
 And other sights would claim our gaze anew ;  
 But still their fate impregnates every scene,  
 And voices an impossible adieu.  
 Ontario ! thy waters darkly blue  
 Murmur with many voices o'er the past,  
 And he who cleft thee with his keen canoe  
 Has shed a romance o'er thee that will last  
 While changing days flee on relentlessly and fast !

## LI.

The Scarboro' cliffs uprear their crumbling bulk  
 High o'er the heavings of thy mighty breast ;  
 But gone the woods, where Bruin lone did skulk,  
 Or, fierce for prey, pursued his stealthy quest.  
 The dwarfish birch afford the wild grape rest,  
 And drag a mean existence from the sand.  
 With foliage scarce to hide the birdlings' nest,  
 These modern monarchs of thy grey walls stand,  
 Or lean above thy brink at stern Decay's command.

## LII.

To reach thy shore I have descended oft,  
 When youth and love and beauty smiled on me ;  
 Thy pebbles gain'd, then turn'd my eye aloft  
 To scan that strange magnificence, and see  
 Less agile climbers follow. Where are ye,  
 Companions dear of those most cherished days ?  
 Ah ! wave-like, ever vacillating, free,  
 Kissing with dewy lips in Love's wild maze,  
 Or wandering far abroad as the mad tempest strays.

LIII.

Together we beheld these surging waves,  
Nor deemed the mutual scene could be resign'd  
As dark-eyed prisoners when 'tis Love enslaves,  
Upon the fetters sweet our peace reclin'd ;  
Those bands are snapp'd ! Unfetter'd save in mind,  
And eke perhaps the heart, I roam along,  
Save when grey Sorrow halts to look behind,  
Or wake the echoes of her sinking song  
With wild, wild Memory's voice, which, pain'd, at times grows  
strong.

LIV.

Far sundered we in lonely paths must strive  
Where crumbled hopes the weary footsteps check,  
And shut the yearning heart, which would revive  
A hope to float again ambition's wreck.  
Oh, would that *Love* had 'scaped that fatal deck !  
Vain murmurer, let thy wish forever sleep.  
Would that I could ! but like the distant fleck  
Of foam upon the wave, a place 'twill keep  
Within my heaving breast while both together weep.

LV.

Too much of memory sad surrounds this spot—  
The restless waves in rocking sorrow wail,  
And truth forbids recurrence to that lot  
In other colors. I must brave the gale,  
And spread abroad the now discolored sail  
Of Expectation, and forsake this theme,  
Which leads me blindly where past things prevail ;  
My spirit fain would linger, but I deem  
A dear adieu most sweet. This may no longer gleam !

LVI.

Thou, Byron, first ; I second, but not last ;  
Unnumbered weary pilgrims shall arise,  
And Hope, and Fear, and Love, and Sorrow cast  
Into a spirit's travail, wreath'd with sighs :  
The world, proud critic, may not deem us wise ;  
We deem not so ourselves, for had we been  
We ne'er had worn a wanderer's disguise,  
Nor sought a rest in every varied scene,  
That but rebukes our search with voice, tho' silent, keen.

## LVII.

Oh, sink thou sun into the eyeless night !  
 When day is veiled, the breaking heart may break,  
 And while the world whirls off to her delight,  
 Let me with tears the thirst of sorrow slake.  
 Would I might never from its gloom awake—  
 Or wake to find my memories swept away,  
 Then of a new-born joy I might partake,  
 And once more mingle with the laughing gay—  
 And with my past forgot might grow to love the Day !

## LVIII.

When joy's usurper builds within the heart,  
 O'er it with memory's iron rod to reign,  
 It crushes out the spirit and the part  
 That woos us mingle with the festive train ;  
 To lonely pine is all that doth remain,  
 Congenial to our circumstance, and so  
 To renovate the soul we try in vain—  
 "Roll on vain days, full reckless may ye flow" !  
 'Tis time alone that can obliterate our woe.

## LIX.

The sunlight streams, and storms in vain may rave ;  
 Deluding Love may cheat us for awhile ;  
 The stormy spirit may bestride the wave,  
 And look on ghastly Death, and grimly smile ;  
 Fame, Glory, or Ambition may beguile,  
 But these will fade before the ceaseless pain.  
 To audience Memory, Woe finds many a wile,  
 And when we deem we have escaped her reign  
 She reassumes her sway, and we have toiled in vain !

## LX.

Fair Nippissing ! once more I gaze on thee,  
 But see thy beauty with a saddened eye ;  
 For he is gone who roamed thy shore with me,  
 And watched thy blue waves dancing lightly by.  
 How oft beneath this bright, bewitching sky,  
 In days when we were reckless, young, and free,  
 Our boat o'er thee before the gale would fly,  
 And dare the frowning of thy wrinkling sea,  
 While timid sailors sought the islet's sheltring lee !

LXI.

Fear found us not ; when roared the rising wind,  
We spread the *Eagle's* wings, and forward flew,  
While cordage whistled, and the wake behind  
Writhed into eddies, where her keel cut through :  
And when the bounding waves forsook the blue,  
And hoary waved in their uprearing rage,  
The rudder was resign'd to him who knew  
Where slept the shoals, beneath thy stormy page,  
A valiant hand and wise, although it knew not age.

LXII.

Oh, happy days ! when bouyant youth did roam  
Where'er gay Pleasure spread her shining store,  
—Though careless, not less loving, of " Our Home "  
Than some who dare not sleep without its door—  
We raised the white tent on that silent shore,  
Where bleach the bones of war's unburied braves,  
And trod those sands which drank the Indians' gore,  
Or slept to murmuring music of the waves,  
Or raised the huntsman's cry, and woke the forests' caves.

LXIII. \*

The glories of all sunsets here are found,  
And shed a golden splendor o'er the soul ;  
The day within a glowing joy is drowned,  
The sky one glittering mass, from pole, to pole—  
Befitting for the great Almighty's scroll  
To bear His perfect love, and peace and pow'r !  
Here mayst thou find what Pain can ne'er control,  
Nor shut thy native heart for many an hour,  
Nor even envy Fate's imperial fools, their dower.

LXIV.

And when the waves have quaff'd the crimson day,  
And evening drops her hallow'd mantle o'er,  
'Midst quiet shades companionship may stray,  
And through the trembling leaves the stars adore—  
And watch the moon on golden pinions soar  
Through clouds less golden, from the slumbering earth.  
Then may they seek their canvas and its store,  
And lade the hours with wit, and generous mirth,  
Or raise the woodnote wild 'mid scenes that gave it birth.

## LXV.

Anon, when slumber on the eyelid sits,  
 And midnight silence floats upon the wave,  
 And tired fancy drooping softly flits  
 With languid mien the boon of sleep to crave :  
 Then in the stream of Lethe let them lave  
 Their weary limbs, and pillowed on its tide,  
 More soft than woman's breast, sleep youthful brave,  
 With hearts as light as footsteps of a bride—  
 That to the altar flies on wings of love and pride !

## LXVI.

The Morn, awakening Morn, walks o'er the hills,  
 And treads upon the water's rippling dyes !  
 Not long alone, the first dawn birdling trills—  
 His sleepy mates recover their surprise,  
 And pour their sunrise song devoid of sighs,  
 O'er the gem'd beauty of the newborn day !  
 Aurora kisses from the slumberers' eyes,  
 The clinging prints of downy sleep away—  
 And, vigor-fill'd once more, they glance with gladness gay !

## LXVII.

Then light the fire on the granite hearth,  
 The smoke arises like a mother's prayer,  
 In liquid evolutions from the earth,  
 Floating a spirit through the silent air.  
 They breakfast simply on a hunter's fare,  
 'Midst all the beauty by the morning worn ;  
 The joyaunce of their souls around they share,  
 These lithe-limbed striplings aught like sadness scorn,  
 They have not learned like Burns that " Man was made to mourn."

## LXVIII.

To trace their path o'er various wandering ways,  
 O'er giant cliffs, or down the stream and vale ;  
 Or pierce with them the tangled thicket's maze,  
 Would form the soul for many a pleasant tale.  
 They stray no more, nor sound the cheery 'hail'  
 To mutual spirits. But o'er many a tide,  
 They sundered sweep before th' increasing gale,  
 That spreads the distance wider and more wide,  
 Betwixt these souls that loved to wander side by side.

## LXIX.

Then let Fate's billows roar until the Eve  
Of dissolution ends their gloomy day,  
And death forbids the aching heart to grieve,  
And leads them to the grave, wherein to lay  
The tired dust that never more shall stray ;  
Or brave inclement storms or scorching skies ;  
Or see each valued friend grown old and grey ;  
Or humble Worth, with burning bloodshot eyes,  
Gaze on each golden fool whose ignorance dared despise.

## LXX.

Thou lake of splendid memories, farewell !  
But not forever, mine will meet thy smile,  
If strength in Resolution's limbs may dwell,  
And Love repay her tribute ; and thou Isle—  
Where friendship dwelt if only for a while,—  
Accept the blessing of a wanderer's tear ;  
Thou, garmented in God's imperial style,  
Hast waked a glow that long will linger clear,  
Within a heart where much lies lonely waste and drear !

## LXXI.

Blue Rousseau, o'er thy breast Kenozha flies—  
Her widening wake its rippling brilliance spreads  
Like visions far behind, to memory's eyes ;  
A joy its liquid motion lightly sheds.  
The solid cliffs to right uprear their heads,  
Whereon the crowns of pine in glory rest ;  
The cloud upon their tasselled beauty treads,  
Or o'er the valley bears her snowy crest —  
A scene where awe might dwell, and wonder cease her quest !

## LXXII.

How many thousands from each foreign shore  
Have sought thy summer-splendor, waves and sky,  
— Where cliffs in toppling grandeur bowing o'er,  
Survey beneath the wave that filters by,  
Their own rude, rugged, stolid majesty—  
How many thousands, and must I be first,  
To gaze upon thee with a poet's eye,  
When happier fates amid such scenes were nursed—  
And Knowledge here has dwelt with lore nor learning curst.

## LXXIII.

Must I essay what others failed to sing,  
And light these shores with Erin's flickerjng flame ;  
With native desolation in my string,  
That sounds at every touch her fettered shame !  
Dare I attempt to twine the wreath of fame  
On foreign shores, when my own land denies ?  
Kanada, queen, I hold on thee a claim—  
No exile ere to thee unheeded cries—  
If honor blends my line on thee it doth arise.

## LXXIV.

If time should grant me glory, be it thine  
Entwined with Erin's sisterhood—if I  
Should form one bud upon the wreath divine—  
The wreath the poet's land's remembered by,  
Bedew it with thy tears, and smilingly  
Survey it as thine own ; but should I fall,  
Discard my shameful immortality,  
And hurl my crime beyond th' Atlantic wall  
To my dear Erin's breast—I love her, that is all !

## LXXV.

Behold this river, flowing as a joy,  
To meet a glow commutual in its thrills,  
With ecstasy, that does itself destroy,  
And all reciprocation calmly kills.  
It winds, a glittering serpent, through the hills,  
Amid the forests wild and mountains steep,  
Upon the shore where Eve her dew distils,  
A friend of former days in death doth sleep,  
A slumber of such peace that it forbids me weep.

## LXXVI.

He sank beneath the stroke in manhood's prime,  
While Winter wore her silent robe of snow ;  
The bells which rang to welcome Christmas time  
Toll'd his farewell to earth, and pain, and woe.  
His mother, far in Erin, could not know,  
And I—I could not reach his dying hand,  
'Twas stranger eyes beheld his spirit go,  
While lisped his tongue of his dear native land,  
Her green and waving fields, and loved Atlantic strand.



LXXVII.

He dwelt a parted moon 'midst wandering dreams,  
And stood within the home which knew him not,  
And slaked his fiery lips in cooling streams  
Which murmuring sparkled past his Irish cot ;  
His withering cheek his mother's bosom sought,  
And rested there. Thus kind his cruel pain,  
While rough eyes dimmed and half their shame forgot,  
Anon his spirit passed. His tomb is plain,  
Such as the wanderer finds upon a stranger main,

LXXVIII.

Simplicity watch o'er thee—be thy sleep  
As sweet as goodness merits from her God.  
*Resurgam* be the balm to those who weep,  
Although they may not weep above thy soul.  
We tread the path which sorrow's heirs have trod,  
Nor half the weary pilgrims yet have passed ;  
Soon shall thy mourners mingle with the clod,  
And cease their wail and rest with thee at last,  
Then sorrow dry the tear that rises hot and fast.

LXXIX.

Farewell ! the vessel floats adown the stream,  
And bathes her prow in gay Muskoka's tide ;  
The waves curl by like an enchanting dream,  
And beat their bosoms 'gainst her flying side ;  
Who o'er a nobler main would wish to ride.  
Here friendship treads with him the breezy deck ;  
Here converse, free-born hearts with native pride,  
Nor buckskin jacket clads the wealthy's geck ;  
Eyes here gaze not on dress, but on the spirit's check.

LXXX.

Lo ! Gravenhurst the busy haunt of Trade,  
Curves o'er the rise which separates her lakes,  
As simply fair as is the Northern maid,  
Whose rustic beauty of her clime partakes :  
Warm, sunny, wild, or cold, if passion wakes,  
Such *are*, such *may* thy daughters ever be ;  
Their friendly distance, striking contrast makes  
To frigid hells that lurk within the e'e  
Of Southern dames who freeze, but burn when none may see.

## LXXXI.

But have we pass'd the spot where sleeps the brave  
 And his beloved, by the murmuring shore ;  
 Nor paused to hang one laurel o'er their grave,  
 And tell of daring days which are no more ;  
 Full many a song tells how the rumbling roar  
 Of logs released, crashed thundering forth their doom,  
 And how the maiden, with her grief grown hoar,  
 Sought refuge on his breast within the tomb  
 O'er which a mother weeps amid her childless gloom.

## LXXXII.

A lover worthy such a faithful heart ;  
 His manhood worthy of such gallant end,  
 And *even death* their bosoms fail'd to part ;  
 But did their dust the more completely blend,  
 And truth needs not the veil of ages rend,  
 To find true Love and her companion Woe,  
 A Shakespeare to their tale might genius lend,  
 Nor seek the lands of Passion, Power and Show,  
 But o'er *their* tragic fate his garb dramatic throw

## LXXXIII.

They sleep, bright jewels of the Hamlet's pride,  
 The theme of many a tale and various song ;  
 E'en by their friends their grave is proudly eyed,  
 While floods within their heart's emotion strong.  
 Earth's greatest title doth to them belong—  
 'True Lovers !' Would I might such glory claim—  
 Prouder in that than in a Victor's wrong ;  
 I thus my smile the tyrant Time to shame,  
 And flout his hoary locks with my immortal fame.

## LXXXIV.

Washago's island rises from the blue  
 Of Severn's bright waters, bleak and bare,  
 Save where the scattered cots attract the view,  
 And ask the stranger why he wanders there.  
 The rivers surge around it in despair,  
 For Nature potent placed the rocks to stay,  
 And toss their tumbling crests with chalky glare ;  
 Then mix their meeting tides and rush away—  
 Bounding o'er granites huge in unrestricted play !

## LXXXV.

Muskoka, fare thee well ! Thy pines and rocks,  
Lakes, rivers, cliffs, and beaver-meadows wide,  
Are scenes that must survive the subtle shocks  
Which memory meets on time's tempestuous tide.  
Though reft of love and friends and all beside,  
They cannot tear thy grandeur from my soul ;  
Nor while my heart retains a poet's pride,  
Shall I o'er lesser scenes my numbers roll—  
When thou hast glory shed o'er my chance worthless scroll.

## LXXXVI.

If I have dealt too meagrely with thee,  
Nor pictured forth thy glory as I ought,  
'Tis through the thousand things which trammel me,  
And haunt my spirit over every spot.  
Though they perchance have slept when I have brought  
My soul to mingle with thy mingling fair,  
When closed the day my couch gray sorrow sought,  
Nor suffer'd her forgetfulness e'en there—  
A crushed and broken heart forgive, thou Princess rare !

## LXXXVII.

And if I do through time my path retrace,  
And Love has taught my heart a happier song,  
And wreathes among the lines on sorrow's face,  
And learned my spirit to forget her wrong,  
And Lore has granted me her nimble tongue,  
Then shall I greet and lavish thee with joy ;  
In this a woe around my harp has clung,  
Which doth the cadence with its weight destroy,  
And robs thee of that tone which homage would employ.

## LXXXVIII.

Then, fare thee well ! though this inglorious bard  
Hath failed to sing thy romance, this shall be  
Sufficient fare, ambition, and reward,—  
It links me to forgetfulness and thee ;  
And when Kanada's bards shall yield thee free  
From tattered knowledge, with what love will I  
Roam o'er thy scenes with memory's glistening e'e,  
And gaze upon thy forests, waves, and sky,  
And drink the freshening breeze that wanders lightly by.

## LXXXIX.

But whither, now ? Alas ! to memory's home,  
 There woos no other 'neath the bright blue sky,  
 There throbs no heart to bid me cease to roam,  
 No voice to welcome, or to sigh, Good-bye !  
 Then o'er the wide Atlantic let me fly,  
 And trace the path illumined by his fame,  
 And tread the soil where bards and heroes lie.  
 My native land shall recognition claim,  
 Then o'er the midland waves by burning Etna's flame.

## XC.

Oh, midnight darkness ! sister of the grave !  
 Draw thy dark mantle o'er my soul's adieu !  
 Oh, spare my pride, which humbly stoops to crave,  
 Unwatched, to weep above her dust anew.  
 Thou consecrated sod, accept the dew  
 Wrung from the soul by Torture and Remorse !  
 Love must be paid for in his every hue—  
 The fiend finds every heart a willing nurse  
 To feed his golden hope, ere it becomes a curse.

## XCI.

But few there be who linger o'er the past,  
 When love has flown, nor feel their souls rebel ;  
 And less there be who bear the sickening blast  
 By memory wing'd, o'er his deserted hell,  
 Nor feel a wrath within their spirit swell—  
 While dust of crumbled palaces whirls round.  
 Yet none there be who may the monster quell,  
 Or cease to greet him with a sigh profound—  
 Fate says we all must bow, and most must kiss the ground.

## XCII.

And, fools ! we all would welcome him again,  
 If but the grave would ope her pulseless breast,  
 And resurrect our joy and tomb our pain,  
 And grant a loved, and hide a hated guest,  
 But this is vain ! Fair victim, o'er thy rest  
 Regret with endless wail could not atone—  
 Condemned she stands at misery's behest,  
 And longs when thou no more shalt sleep alone,  
 And Death shall sculpture forth my peace, upon thy stone.

## XCIII.

This riven soul hath wept o'er many a tomb,  
In many a land, but there were none like thee ;  
For thou didst close above the brightest bloom  
That Beauty e'er permitted Love to see.  
Thy hungry heart enveloped her, while she  
Bared her bright nature to my bounding soul,  
And I awoke from passion's trance, to be  
The mock of death, whose envy could control  
What Love's love failed to curb, and lost her brilliant goal.

## XCIV.

"Time the avenger !" is she not avenged !  
Sleep, sacred dead, as joy within my heart !  
Remorse and misery have thy wrongs revenged,  
And even hope did with thy smile depart.  
I have no more to render ; all thou wert,  
And all I am is granted thee as thine ;  
When this clay crumbles from the soul apart,  
Thou shalt possess, that I would fain resign—  
I can no more redeem when I in dust recline.

## XCV.

Dark midnight ! dost thou hear me, thou art cold !  
And thou, pale moon, methinks that thou dost weep ;  
Ye chilly stars, enwrapped in your blue fold,  
Are thine eyes dimmed with morn's approaching sleep !  
The winds are hushed, while I my vigil keep.  
Awake ! the morning beckons thee away,  
Her heralds o'er the hills begin to creep ;  
One startled bird proclaims the coming day  
With shivering note which shakes from off her wings the spray !

## XCVI.

Kiss once the sod in silence—let me go !  
I dare not see the dawning o'er this tomb ;  
I once saw night o'ershading it—sweet Woe !  
Dear to my memory is that vanished gloom.  
Thou I resign,—and this again resume,  
Gay treads the morning o'er the glittering sward,  
Blessing the flow'rs with a renewing bloom,  
Awakening Man to yield Repose reward—  
Admonishing our Woe to place our Pride on guard.

## XCVII.

The heart o'erladen longs to greet the morn—  
 The heart o'erladen longs to greet the night,  
 Change is the restless rest when joy is shorn—  
 Life's requisition when the sorrows blight ;  
 The rustling of Hope's withered leaves unite  
 Their grief-dried wails for autumn's snowy rain,  
 How cold so'er it be ; and 'tis delight,  
 Tho' deadly, to consume our pain with pain—  
 And flee a Despot's rule to seek a Tyrant's chain.

## XCVIII.

Man and man's consequences, what are ye !  
 Which is the cause, and which the stern effect !  
 Are we the root of that which is to be,  
 Or are we what the perfect did reject—  
 Can life be such that does not life respect—  
 Are these terms but the baubles of a craze !  
 The mind of man on its own rocks is wreck'd—  
 No philosophic telescope can raise  
 The curtain of decree, nor pierce its cloudy maze.

## XCIX.

But the mind's wandering leads to an abyss  
 Where reason sinks within the gulf of thought ;  
 Where but the soul vacuity may miss,  
 And draw from thence the lore with madness fraught ;  
 Snatches of wisdom, not yet fully taught ;  
 Lights to outshine the glimmerings of the past :  
 Above its depths for ages hath been sought  
 The gem for which life-woven cords were cast  
 Down the deep hell of mind, to disappear at last !

## C.

But some have felt the flame, though far above,  
 And started, terror-stricken from the brink ;  
 For they were Earth, that feared the Earth's reprove,  
 That narrow dust whose darkness dares us think :  
 Yet some there were, who snapped the hated link  
 That bound them to their fellows, and forsook  
 Whate'er clay cherished, and of Passion's drink  
 In the wild freedom of their joy partook,  
 Though Ignorance forbade, with Bigotry's mad look.

## CI.

Why should I dream of these ! Blow rocking wind,  
And o'er the waters let me sweep anew !  
Wing the swift bark and cast the shore behind,  
And build above the cliffs the liquid blue.  
I from the waves address ye Love's adieu,  
And plead forbearance for my murmuring song ;  
Long may there rest prosperity with you ;  
May Heaven shield ye from relentless wrong,  
And memories link us fast with ties endeared and strong.

## CII.

Whene'er ye think of him who lonely strays,  
Although he may not be Kanada's pride,  
Yet for the bard of half-forgotten days,  
Let not the tear of memory be denied  
For me, though many a wound my heart has tried—  
And many another may proscribe its pain.  
My soul has felt, and still shall feel, the tide  
Of love too strong to let neglect restrain  
The passion of its flood, which glows through every vein.

## CIII.

I love the land of mountains, rocks and pine ;  
I love her placid lakes and fertile shores ;  
I love the fields where blush the peach and vine,  
Where swift Niagara all her thunder pours.  
Dear is the land where man the maid adores,  
Where Honor guardeth Virtue so secure,  
Where native valor native peace restores,  
Where Villainy lives not, or lurks obscure,  
Where man his brother greets nor spurns the honest poor.

## CIV.

The days which I have spent with love and thee  
Shall light my spirit over many a mile ;  
Lands may excel but none can dearer be  
Save that unrivalled spot, my spirit's isle.  
Though thou dost frown where gayer climes would smile.  
Kanada, dear, I'll love thee for that claim !  
And know that 'neath thy grim, forbidding style  
A heart is lighted by a generous flame,  
A soul that welcome gives to high and low the same.

## CV.

When far from where I have been wont to dwell,  
 And Time betwixt us rears his column grey ;  
 When 'midst the Coliseum's shattered shell,  
 Or on the sculpture-littered Appian Way :  
 Or where the "wondrous dome" soars from the clay  
 On wings divine, to greet the Roman sky,  
 From these to thee shall Meditation stray,  
 And with them thy simplicity shall vie  
 For Homage with her awe, and Wonder with her eye.

## CVI.

Ye restless waves forbear awhile your speed ;  
 Fret not, I'll soon be with you now, no—I—  
 God bless the soil, her sons and promised seed !  
 There is no more. God bless thee and good-bye !  
 Thou stranger, dost thou ask what dims my eye ?  
 The breeze is fresh'ning, blow thou whistling gale—  
 Onward still onward spur the vessel fly,  
 She speeds apace, the land begins to fail,  
 Rock roaming tide till night draws down her thickening veil.

## CVII.

Alone, dear Memory, let me cling to thee !  
 And Hope, be thou my comforter and guide ;  
 Ye waves awhile my rude companions be,  
 And bear me bounding o'er thy heaving tide.  
 Ye darkening skies and clouds, and all beside,  
 Shed thy compassion o'er the wanderer's heart,  
 Then, though the smiles of youth may be denied,  
 Sorrow may rest in contemplation's art.  
 Hear thou the wanderer's prayer as he doth lone depart !

## CVIII.

Oh, purpling waters, ye may be my grave,  
 Or foreign soil may claim this wearied clay ;  
 I scorn ye both, nor thy forbearance crave.  
 Little reck I wherein my bones shall lay.  
 Death chance shall be the dawning of my day,  
 And therefore welcome wheresoe'er he come ;  
 Warm the cold hand that chills me—cease to stray,  
 Music the crash that rolls, 'nor pilgrim roam,  
 Here stay thy weary feet, the grave grants thee a home.



## CIX.

Ye waves that childhood memories round me pour,  
Have ye, in wandering, kissed old Erin's strand !  
Where he who greets ye played amidst the roar  
Of rolling waters from the polar land.  
My curly boyhood saw your strength expand  
With awe and wonder, say are ye the same—  
If so, I greet ye with bright memory's hand,  
And pray your speed to bear me whence I came—  
My birthplace—sacred sound that fans the patriot flame.

## CX.

List me, ye waves, upon old Erin's shore !  
Within a rustic graveyard mouldering lies  
A brother, whose fair features never wore  
The lines of age or woe, or pain's disguise ;  
O'er him expand those blue, beloved skies,  
Rich in their hue as their beholders' poor.  
Above that tomb I fain would see arise,  
A shattered shaft, to tell what they endure  
Who die where Misery dwells and Famine stalks secure.

## CXI.

List me, dark Ocean ! weary is my soul !  
Rock me to sleep on thy beloved breast,  
And hushed within thine arms so let me roll,  
And dream of those whose bosoms love me beat :  
Would thou might'st swing me to eternal rest—  
Ah vain ! but yet this fleeting peace is dear.  
Good-night, and joy guard thou the vanished west,  
And Hope, do thou enshrine thy beauty here—  
And Erin greet thy son with thy maternal tear !

## CXII.

This opening page was penn'd upon the land—  
The closing leaf is stamped upon the sea ;  
The evening gray on both has laid her hand,  
And links the past and present, and I see  
Two distant scenes combined 'neath memory's e'e.  
"Thou choicest blessing," dwell within my soul,  
And then where'er my habitation be—  
'Neath torrid skies, or by the icy pole,  
The past shall present dwell, and so the wild waves roll !

## CXIII.

Roll on, for I was born amid thy roar !  
Roll on, for I was cradled on thy breast !  
Roll on, and sweep me to my island shore !  
Roll on, and lull me into slumber-rest !  
Forever roll, forever rear thy crest,  
Forever proudly, and thy strength declare.  
Dear Ocean, first and last, and most and best,  
Love as I love, and spare me as I spare—  
Hear as I hear, and grant as I do thee thy prayer !

END OF CANTO SECOND.





# Zara.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

I never have essayed to tell a tale,  
And hardly know if I shall well succeed ;  
One should be soldered in poetic mail,  
In such a pass, lest critics make him bleed.  
There is so much to blend, such width to fail,  
And such a host of canting cranks who read,  
You'd almost fancy a poor poet's treasure  
Was poured alone to gain his railers' pleasure.

### II.

If *you* are one of these 'tis not for you  
This tale of mine, and so we will proceed :  
The plot I venture on is nothing new,  
But old material fashioned to my need.  
In prose 'twas manufactured first, and few  
Will not recall it when these lines they read.  
The telling tales in prose is out of fashion,  
Short ones that is—in poetry there's passion.

### III.

This poem's called Zara, that's a handsome name,  
As musical as music whence it sprung,  
And on a designation hangs much fame :  
I care not though your Shakspeare different sung,  
His own cognomen will affirm my claim,  
For would the world with his wide fame have rung  
If he his signature had thus set down—  
"Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," writ by Patrick Brown ?

### IV.

"No," you will say. That's my opinion, too  
Well, Zara then, shall be my heroine,  
and yours, sufficient. The bright sky hung blue  
Above the landscape stretched beside the Rhine,

As with a coin in her small hand, she flew,  
On fairy feet, which seemed almost divine,  
To where a man outside a cottage lay,  
And gazed upon the ocean there at play.

## V.

"I've brought it you," she panted, "here's the gold,  
Now give me my old damma."\* "Tis too late,"  
Replied the lounging, "but you promised"—"Hold,"  
And saying which he let her through the gate  
And to the cliff. "See, your old pet is cold ;  
A hundred feet below lies your playmate—  
Nor tear nor prayers will anything avail,  
I rather doubt if aught for you will wail."

## VI.

She only was a child, and as she gazed  
A moment from above she shuddered, then  
She clambered down, ah, yes ! its eye was glazed,  
And blood on its white hair ; nor tongue, nor pen  
Can tell the grief she felt, her soul was dazed.  
This was her all, and now—sweet heaven, when  
Would she again behold a thing so true ?  
Earth is so false,—and then her tears burst through.

## VII.

She wept, and she was comforted, how sweet  
It is while we in soul are children yet,  
That yielding to despair ! when the wild heat  
Of woe o'ercomes its cause which we forget.  
How different age ! for them the maddening beat  
Of the choked heart restrained adds to regret—  
In vain our sorrows beg relieving tears,  
Our pride forbids that solace to our years.

## VIII.

But Zara nothing knew of hate or pride,  
And thus without a cause to cloak her grief,  
Surrendered her young soul to sorrow's tide,  
Which ebbing softly granted sweet relief.  
And as the stars throbbled out and multiplied,  
She stole back to her home, which, to be brief,  
Was such a cave as Nature's hand had torn  
From out the rock, and here she had been born.

---

\* A Goat.

## IX.

Within its entrance stood a stranger. "Who  
Is master here?" impatiently he asked.  
"I am," she flushing said, "and mistress, too,"  
While swift defiance by her tears was mask'd,  
Her heart felt dead within her, shattered through  
With sorrow, and thus by a stranger task'd  
In her own door, was more than she could bear—  
Her anger rose o'erpowering her despair!

## X.

"Why, you are but a child," the man replied,  
"And cannot help him if you would, for you  
Know nothing." Zara waved his form aside,  
And passed within, where lay a lad whose blue  
Eyes wandered round impelled by fever's tide.  
His hair was long and of a golden hue;  
His face was very fair, and there he lay,  
While nothing but his raving spoke him clay.

## XI.

As she drew near, he tossed his weary frame,  
And called in accents agonized for some  
Remembered thing whose memory burned in flame—  
Few things obliterate the soul from home.  
Around his blue eyes rolled, then Zara came  
And knelt beside him, while the rocky dome  
Re-echoed to some quaint and childish song,  
Which pour'd in mockery from his fiery tongue.

## XII.

Then Zara gently brushed the ringlets back  
From his hot brow, and 'neath her gentle hand  
His senses softened down to their old track,  
As if in her cool touch there was command  
O'er madness, and the scorching pains which rack  
The restless limbs when fever takes his stand,  
To storm the citadel of Soul, and Brain,  
And Body, with his fiery darts of pain.

## XIII.

His master (such he seemed), when he saw this,  
Gazed out into the night, then on the lad,  
Saying, "He is better now—we must not miss  
Our chances—and it's almost time we had

Resumed our way." Approaching them (that is  
The pair of children), "come, get up," he said,  
And with his foot he touched the boy, who screamed  
With pain, while madness in his eyeballs gleamed,

## XIV.

And desolation o'er his features spread—  
'Twas wonderful to see how one so young  
Could realize the misery portrayed  
Upon his face, and Zara's heart being stung  
To quick compassion, she arose, and laid  
Her hand upon the soulless serf, who hung  
Above the tortured form, as does the snake  
Above the victim it intends to take.

## XV.

"Give him to me," and as she spoke, her tone—  
Filled from her soul, grew tenderly divine ;  
Its pity would have thrilled a heart of stone ;  
But his was human. "Let me call him mine,  
His life may not be long—depart alone.  
See, I will buy him. For this slave of thine  
I'll give all my possession. 'Twas to gain  
My all, my damma, whom the cliffs have slain."

## XVI.

The golden glitter caught the monster's eyes,—  
Gold was the nearest way to his hard heart,  
And with disgust he cared not to disguise  
He gazed upon the girl whom sorrow's dart  
Had struck to sympathy for misery's sighs.  
"Yes, he is yours, the gold is mine." "Depart,"  
Cried Zara, then from out the portal passed  
The stranger for the first time and the last.

## XVII.

And now she was alone with him whom she  
Had paid for more than her young soul yet dreamed,  
And as she gazed upon him pityingly,  
The tender tears on her dark lashes beamed,  
Then dropped upon his brow unconsciously ;  
And then, sweet female minister, she deemed  
To aid him most was not to gaze and look—  
And thinking thus, she sped to where a brook

## XVIII.

Had made a rock its fountain—as of old  
 When Moses smote the granite with his rod,  
 And forth it flowed more precious far than gold,  
 Proclaiming to the Israelites their God.  
 And this was much the same, save as it rolled  
 It traced its way down to a verdant sod  
 Where clustered flowers of every shape and hue—  
 No sands drank up the drops of heavenly dew.

## XIX.

Now she beneath the murmuring cascade placed  
 A crimson goblet most uniquely formed,  
 And as she stretched her arm her slender waist  
 Was silhouetted 'gainst the background stormed  
 By nature's crystal, which a curve displaced,  
 To a broad sheet of silver that was warmed  
 By her clear symmetry thus shadowed forth,—  
 I've often thought she was no child of Earth.

## XX.

Her brow was broad and fair, and o'er her eyes  
 Of dusky evening hung a midnight fringe—  
 Just rounded to a delicate surprise,  
 And her straight nose bespoke not one to cringe.  
 There was a soft, sweet, dimpling disguise  
 Of sterner nature on her chin. There hinge  
 A thousand things upon the chin, but I  
 Have always trusted more unto the eye.

## XXI.

Well, there she was, and if I could describe  
*All* that she *was* I'd make a handsome picture—  
 A form to tread upon old Venus' kibe  
 (For Heaven's sake, reader, spare me your stale stricture).  
 I've often gazed upon that ancient tribe,  
 Nor felt a single moral prone to fracture,  
 Whereas I've had a whole year's reformation,  
 Though modern maids crave for annihilation.

## XXII.

The goblet quickly filled, with it she flew  
 Back to the cave where her young purchase lay,  
 Then from a crevice in the wall she drew  
 Some spotless linen bleached beside the bay,

And soaking it with the spring water through,  
 She bathed his face and temples, while the grey,  
 Dull pallor faded from his brow so calm,  
 'Neath the cool charm of the renewing balm.

## XXIII.

The fever now had flown, and in its place  
 A slumber deep had fallen, though a sigh  
 Would now and then a peaceful breath efface,  
 And stir the lip and the unseeing eye ;  
 While Zara watched and wondered o'er his case,  
 And how it came about, that he should lie  
 Here and alone, for he was yet alone,—  
 For nothing near him was which he had known.

## XXIV.

And while she pondered o'er it all, her mind  
 Was floated back to where her damma lay,  
 With its white hair tossed by the careless wind,  
 On the hard rocks that shored the peaceful bay ;  
 But here was dearer still ; yet unresigned  
 To her poor playmate's fate, she turned away,  
 And wept with her full soul, for that had been  
 The object first upon her infant's scene.

## XXV.

I've often noticed, too, myself, that though  
 A thing may not be what one might call *dear*,  
 If 'tis but old we hate to let it go,  
 And its exit produces feelings queer.  
 I've had in my short life a friend or so,  
 Who were not to my heart so *very* near,  
 And yet it caused much sorrow and more pain  
 To part and know we ne'er should meet again.

## XXVI.

I have derived some antics from my race,  
 This may be one of them, for I have known  
 My grandam old accord a sacred place  
 To a poor fusty, musty, turkey bone,  
 And all because a tiny babe whose face  
 And little form are hid by turf and stone,  
 Held, ere it died, the simple thing I mention,—  
 To-day you could not buy it for a pension.



## XXVII.

Not that the thing itself is worth so much,  
 But there are curious odds and ends which bind  
 Upon the soul with deep and tender touch—  
 Things which are never willingly resigned,  
 And circumstances to the heart will clutch  
 A flower, a button, thread, or breath of wind—  
 Prosaic nonsense, yet do what we will,  
 We ne'er encounter them without a thrill !

## XXVII.

But let us on—although not prone to weep !  
 Poor Zara wept as if her heart would break,  
 And sobs which sought to rock her woe to sleep,  
 Made Lillio her young charge start wide awake.  
 A sigh, perhaps because of slumber deep,  
 Caused her to turn, and her first look to take  
 On his young eyes with reason so aflame,  
 She almost doubted if they were the same.

## XXIX.

And being somewhat abashed, she rose and drew  
 Her slender form to its full height, and pass'd  
 Into the moonlight clear, as morning new.  
 'Twas as the day whose brilliancy is glass'd  
 By nets of golden meshes tinged with blue.  
 (I don't know how this simile is class'd)—  
 'Twas such a night as one sees in the eyes  
 Of those whose souls were formed for paradise !

## XXX.

The brilliant moon poured down as if entranced  
 By her own beauty in the floating wave,  
 And just beyond, her glittering beams enhanced  
 The Rhine that rolling sought its ocean grave ;  
 And Zara, now recovered, softly glanced  
 Again to those blue eyes within the cave,  
 And gently asked him if his needs required  
 Aught she might furnish, ere she had retired.

## XXXI.

"Nothing but sleep," and, coming near, she laid  
 Her choicest covering o'er his slender frame ;  
 His eyelids closed as if exhaustion weighed  
 With weight resistless on his blue eyes' flame ;

His respiration told that slumber's shade  
 Had deepened o'er his soul with her weird claim,  
 Then from his sleeping presence Zara pass'd,  
 And 'neath a tree her form to rest she cast.

## XXXII.

The sky, as roof, was nothing new to her ;  
 In fact I rather like myself to sleep  
 Beneath the stars, or a tall sombre fir,  
 Where round my pillow the pure dew may weep,  
 While waves are near with their reluctant stir,  
 Half-chiding the soft breezes as they creep  
 Across the bosom of the mighty sea—  
 And you would like it, if you're aught like me.

## XXXIII.

I've often slept like that afar, with nought  
 But my good rifle by my slumbering side,  
 When I in youth worn-out with passions sought  
 To wean my soul from woe's enduring tide ;  
 But these are past, and were almost forgot,  
 Till Zara's couch oblivion cast aside—  
 So pardon me if I should heave a sigh  
 For things still present, though long since gone by.

## XXXIV.

Perhaps you've felt as I this moment feel,  
 When far away, from out the happy past  
 Some recollection struck your soul as steel  
 On the fierce flint of memory, whence are cast  
 The sparks, revivifying sorrow's zeal  
 To storm the heart with desolation's blast—  
 We don't know why it should be so, but this  
 Is very certain, such we find it is.

## XXXV.

And so it sets one thinking of old times,  
 And scenes and friends, all haloed o'er with youth,  
 And present pain alert discordant chimes—  
 (Most "antithetically mixt," in truth)  
 In with the past, whose pleasures ran like rhymes  
 Of modern tyrants, when they prate of ruth—  
 Except that those were true and these are—well,  
 A counterpart of the soft speech of hell.

## XXXVI.

Her couch, I said, to her was nothing rare,  
 And if she dreamed, her dreams were surely sweet ;  
 Unchanged the calm serenity of air  
 That languished o'er her tenderly, complete.  
 The fairest flower, she lay 'mid many fair ;  
 The moonlight seem'd to float to her heart beat,  
 So like they were, imbued with soul and life,  
 With their constituent parts in loving strife.

## XXXVII.

And while she slept the golden moon sank down,  
 And quenched her beauty in the darkening wave.  
 'Tis somewhat sad to see her slowly drown,  
 It breathes so of the dark and loathsome grave ;  
 And jibes Mortality in dusty gown,  
 And Christian, Sceptic—both become less brave ;  
 "Filial ingratitude,"—they hate the Earth,  
 That common mother whom they owe their birth,

## XXXVIII.

And would abide in this dull world alone—  
 Alone indeed—since no communion dwells  
 'Twixt brain and brain, between the flesh and bone,  
 Even the emotion various that swells  
 From the same source, and even music's tone  
 Varies, in that same note perfection tells ;  
 But yet most men will death's forbearance crave,  
 And still entomb them in a living grave.

## XXXIX.

Why not depart at once, life is no more  
 Than dull death's expectation. Why, I say,  
 Stand shivering here, afraid to venture o'er ?  
 A knife, or rope, or bullet clears the way  
 In order short. Hear earth's vile monsters roar  
 Behind you ; which is worst, to go, or stay ?  
 Ahead all's quiet, yes, that's just the trouble,  
 It is *too* quiet by a half, or double.

## XL.

I can't assign much reason for delay,  
 So drop my theme unthought, 'tis often done

By men much better posted, by the way,  
 Than you or I. Excuse me, that is one  
 Quick slip of many, let us stop ! The gray  
 Clouds swiftly rolled from the uprising sun,  
 As Zara woke on her extempore bed,  
 And called back Time with his remorseless tread.

## XLI.

I don't say that he came, but I do say  
 The things which he with her had witness'd came ;  
 The strange events of the preceding day  
 Were pictured clear in retrospection's frame,  
 Resembling, greatly o'er the hero's clay,  
 The monument that shadows forth his fame ;  
 And as her mind gazed on her former mind,  
 The past and present, clearly were defined.

## XLII.

She coiled her hair in a more splendid crown  
 Than e'er was moulded from a nation's debt,  
 And some slight touches to her simple gown  
 So posed 'twould make the queen of fashion fret—  
 Nothing as nature beautiful ; 'twill drown  
 The blaze of brightest diamond ever set,—  
 That simple dewdrop clinging to the thorn,  
 With nought to see its beauty save the morn.

## XLIII.

Oh, morning ! lovely morning ! 'tis most grand  
 To see thee winging thy unfettered flight,  
 With sunbeams flashing from each rosy hand,  
 And kindling nature's tear drops into light !  
 Ah, reader, in this verse there's nothing plan'd—  
 I've seen it all, my soul wrapt with delight ;  
 How many years since, I almost forget—  
 But 'twas ere woman had my soul beset.

## XLIV.

All things give way to women since old Adam !  
 We've some excuse, being born within their thrall,  
 But he had no occasion to say : " Madam,  
 I'll feel if you'll allow me " ! now we all

Must ask permission, which indeed's quite sad. Am  
I near the truth ! yes, horses in a stall  
We are, and women must untie our halter—  
And faith they spur us if we dare to falter.

## XLV.

But to our tale ! Zara, her toilet done,  
With aid of water from the sparkling brook,  
And some infection from the morning sun,  
Her timid tread to her possession took—  
And peering half afraid the couch upon,  
Was recognised by such a thankful look,  
That her uncertain bashfulness was quite  
Transformed to certain unrestrained delight !

## XLVI.

And nearer then she came and stroked his hair,  
And whispered in his ear in accents sweet  
And French, if he this morning better were,  
And if he wished for anything to eat ;  
With questions numerous of time and air,  
Morn, water, bread, tea, wine, sleep, also heat,  
And he from sickness weak, or from the tide  
Of questions, was sometime ere he replied.

## XLVII.

But when he did reply his voice, though weak,  
Was such as floated to her inmost soul,  
Thrilling her heart, rebounding to her cheek,  
Lighting her eyes, which scoffed at pride's control ;  
Such is the music which must sometime seek  
The sense of all from Indus to the pole—  
The music that awakes to love the heart,  
Tones ne'er completed until they depart.

## XLVIII.

She knew not why a tremor shook her frame,  
Or why that subtle quick'ning of the beat  
Which rocked her bosom, as it went and came  
In soft convulsions tremulously sweet ;

Nor why she blushed, and she was not to blame  
 Philosophers themselves are foiled complete  
 When they attempt an explanation of  
 That mystery dear, a maid's unsullied love

## XLIX.

And more than that, she cared not, to enquire,  
 Nor would the wisest, thrown into her place,  
 For who with heart and soul, and brain on fire  
 Will stop to calculate upon their case?  
 Not I for one, and as the tide runs higher,  
 Destroying all things in its rapturous race,  
 Instead of checking, we augment its flow  
 By caution's strength, surrendered at a blow.

## L.

Now Zara's proverbs about men and morals,  
 And all the trite old sayings, of old women  
 Which she had heard—also of lovers' quarrels—  
 Were but as water to a thirsty seaman,  
 Remembering him of those beloved barrels  
 In which of rum's divinity a whole sea ran,  
 Producing more impetus than drawback—  
 'Tis always so, when one's on the wrong track.

## LI.

Still she was proud and did not blurt it out,  
 Like Stratford brazens, but instead proceeded,  
 After a greeting gay, to set about  
 Preparing breakfast, which both badly needed.  
 The meal was spread—list epicurean gout—  
 To this your only cure—which here succeeded—  
 Eggs, tea, fish, bread from the unsifted wheat,  
 And there you have their breakfast all complete.

## LII.

Though tempting, they ate sparingly, for one  
 Felt weak, the other was a trifle sad,  
 The curse of nature, her refulgent sun  
 Being sunk, night comes, in dreary coldness clad,

(Her night reaction), but when that is done  
He soars again a day's account to add  
To that long list of days which tells but of  
The birth, the growth, decline and death of love.

## LIII.

This was a morn of bliss to this young pair,  
Who drew enjoyment from each other's joy ;  
Of course, my heroine and hero were  
In love divine, and simple girl and boy !  
The ocean, river, sky, and bracing air  
Were only meant for them, nought could destroy,  
At least just now, that soft and happy dream,  
Whose charm must break how sweet soe'er it seem.

## LIV.

The morns were lengthen'd into days—the days  
Coiled slowly round into a rapturous year !  
Their spirits in that joy could only praise  
The happy fate, which brought young Lillio here.  
And such is Love's ensnaring subtle ways,  
None saw the lurking demon hidden near,  
Whose venom would destroy the heart and soul  
Of both round whom he compass'd his control.

## LV.

The harvest moon was queen of the blue sky !  
Her vassal millions pour'd their shimmering light  
Around their glorious sovereign throned on high,  
Who wrapt the evening with a mantle bright.  
The river swept delirious with its joy,  
Its bosom with the ocean's to unite,  
And heaven and earth were draped in such a peace  
That Zara prayed their charms might never cease.

## LVI.

In Lillio's arms, her head upon his breast,  
With her dark tresses veiling her delight,  
She lay ; and as he sought to be caressed,  
Her eyes were lifted, dusk with love and light—

So beautiful they were, so, wholly blest.  
 Oh, if it could but be eternal quite,  
 The heaven so sought by love's aspiring soul  
 Would not contain one sacrificial coal !

## LVII.

Her dark eyes lifted, and his lips sought her's !  
 'Tis wonderful that contact of the lips—  
 I'll not compare their tendency to burrs,  
 For that were vulgar, but I'll say as dips  
 The lily to the dew which ministers  
 To her pure life, in succulent sweet sips ;  
 So Lillio bent, and through his lips was drawn  
 His soul—as that the perfume sheds upon

## LVIII.

The liquid pure, from whence returns again  
 With trebled sweetness the soft odor given.  
 But from the human heart is added pain,  
 With beauty incomparable to heaven,  
 That pours its glow along each bounding vein ;  
 While o'er all barriers Reason's wildly driven  
 By that one tyrant of all human hearts—  
 Love, who despises Wisdom and her charts !

## LIX.

I know, thou meek-faced mock, you'll say 'tis lust !  
 You who have never felt stern Nature's glow,  
 But yet can weep as if your heart would bust  
 O'er some imaginary saint or so.  
 Still, I'll not chide ! you but allow to rust  
 The real, and the ideal you polish, oh !  
 As if a woe engendered in your brain  
 Were more than mortal misery, wrung with pain.

## LX.

I'll tell you what I've seen, my Christian friend !  
 And in a church which I in youth esteemed  
 (Now, orthodox ! your tottering pile defend—  
 This is no lie by atheism dreamed) —



I've seen a pastor at communion bend  
 And bless that bread o'er which the vile blasphemed ;  
 I've seen what *hell* itself not even *wished*—  
 The blood of Christ in blood of drunkards dished !

## LXI.

A brewer, at whose hands, ten thousand bright  
 And blooming intellects, in hell have sunk,  
 Presented to this church of which I write  
 The urn and goblet, whence the members drunk  
 The typifying wine. Is this the light  
 For Christians—the gold glitter from each punk—  
 From each of the vile prostitutes and wh—es  
 That o'er the bar her contribution pours !

## LXII.

I tell you this, because that some will cavil  
 At aught that's true to nature, like my line—  
 Christians especially, who still strive to level  
 All thinkers to their turnpike road divine !  
 If 'twere proposed to exterminate the devil,  
 They'd murmur, for where would their *goodness* shine  
 If they no blackground had of *sin* so vile,  
 On which their genius with its creed to pile.

## LXIII.

Let us proceed ! Drunk with a palsied joy,  
 Wrapt in the golden haze of dusky eve,  
 All senses else declined, entranced they lie  
 Within each others arms, whose circles weave  
 Charms which would Cytheria's zone destroy,  
 And leave her goddess-ship undone to grieve !  
 It was the moment when the spirits rise  
 To mingle with the freedom of the skies !

## LXIV.

And Innocence to Innocence resign'd  
 Their mutual selves forever ! Oh, the pain,  
 The power, the passion and the drifting mind !  
 Abandoned fully to the misty reign

Of Love supreme, whose phantasies so bind  
 The floating soul that reason's call is vain,  
 And forth we drift upon that treacherous tide,  
 Whose length seems with eternity's allied.

## LXV.

Their eyes !—ah, heaven ! who has seen the eye  
 At such a moment, and can e'er forget—  
 Shone with the light of immortality ;  
 For in each orb the sinking soul had set  
 The jewel of its trust to light the sky,  
 O'er their young hearts commingling softly yet,  
 And gazing, closer still their arms entwined—  
 Obedient to the madness of the mind !

## LXVI.

Then lest the dews should chill her slender form,  
 Young Lillio o'er her limbs his mantle threw ;  
 Her brow, so white, bore witness to the storm  
 Endured, for o'er it lay the spirit's dew,  
 And her dark hair so dusky, soft and warm,  
 Clung to her cheek, where blushed the rose's hue,  
 Then on her heaving bosom sank his head,  
 And slumber draped her peace around their bed.

## LXVII.

Let stoics scorn, philosophy deride,  
 And Virtue, horror-rear her icy hands ;  
 The sacred church in her becoming pride  
 Declare them damn'd, less the redeeming bands.  
 O'er this historian let the critics stride,  
 The just demolish me at Right's demands  
 (I copy from the Duchess—not to stain her—  
 I only write than her a trifle plainer).

## LXVIII.

The morning mantled in her glittering dress,  
 Wing'd in her rapture o'er the Midland wave ;  
 The stars, abashed by her bright loveliness,  
 Evanished glimmering in their airy cave.

The trees shook off the tears of night's distress,  
The dude awak'ning took his beardless shave,  
And on the place o'er his supposed brain  
The curls were set, till midnight to remain.

## LXIX.

And o'er their mossy couch the morning stole,  
As loth to waken to reality  
The loving pair, whose bark had struck the shoal  
So kindly set in nature's tempting sea.  
The moon and morning each possess a soul,  
Yet of one world I deem them scarce to be,  
For what has been contracted in the night  
Wears at the morn a very different light.

## LXX.

For instance—but no doubt you wish to hear  
How they awoke ; well, Zara woke at last,  
And knew not why it was the tender tear  
Stole from her eye, and then her glance she cast  
Upon the form of him she held so dear,  
And 'neath his head her rounded arm she pass'd,  
And on his lips she laid a trembling kiss—  
The first e'er given that was aught like this :

## LXXI.

For in the thrill it caused was mingled dread,  
Of what she knew not, but the pain was there ;  
And something clung to her young heart like lead,  
As though to drag it down to dark despair.  
It seemed as if she had a farewell said  
To him forever, who still slumber'd there ;  
And, in her terror lest she had done so,  
She raised his lid to see her light below.

## LXXII.

And this awoke him, and he smiled ! ah, then  
The maiden's fears were robb'd their present smart,  
And she, new-joyed, sank in his arms again,  
With all the passion of her southern heart.

Is there in heaven or earth can move as when  
 A woman, shorn of all save nature's art,  
 Surrenders to the monarch of her breast  
 Her heart, and soul, and strength, and all the rest !

## LXXIII.

And they were happy ! each succeeding day  
 But brought more joy for their young hearts to know ;  
 Fair Lillio's spirit ne'er had felt so gay,  
 And o'er the valley he was wont to throw  
 His song of love. His voice was like a ray  
 Of morning dancing on the ocean's glow—  
 That is, if I might dare and still be right,  
 Compare a sound to light's majestic flight.

## LXXIV.

Out o'er the hills 'twould float, a magic wave  
 Of sound, entrancing as it were the birds ;  
 For these would hush, and down into the cave,  
 Along the beach swept those melodious words—  
 His spirit's inspiration seemed to crave  
 With heaven comminglance—for there's nothing girder  
 The souls of those who pour them forth in song,  
 When music aids with her delicious tongue.

## LXXV.

The songs he sang were wild but sweetly turned,  
 For nature had been mistress of his lore ;  
 And in their lines his wid'ning spirits burned,  
 And Zara's name thrilled sweeter than before :  
 And for her boy her panting bosom yearned,  
 While he renumber'd her soft graces o'er—  
 Lest you should fancy his song not so sweet  
 As I report, I'll give it you complete.

## SONG.

While my heart beats again,  
 Zara I will retain,  
 Deep in my soul, my affection for thee !  
     While the light breezes wing  
     O'er the brooks murmuring  
 Softly, my darling, my song thou shalt be.

Love lights thy sparkling eyes,—  
 Clear as our summer skies—  
 Fair as the flowers, my Zara, thou art ;  
     Like to the dewa which sleep  
     Down in the rose, they keep  
 Blooming and blushing, thou queen of my heart !

Like the bright summer morn,  
 Just as the dawning's born,  
 Scatt'ring the light from her feet as she flies—  
     Art thou my fairest one,  
     Of my hearts world the sun—  
 Darling ! I live in the light of thine eyes !

Bright sparkling joyous one,  
 Sweet has thy path begun—  
 Follow it smilingly, long may you stray.  
     Flowers on every hand,  
     Wishes at thy command,  
 Loving and lov'd on your dazzling way !

But should the shadows come,  
 Over the path thou roam,  
 Pause not to sigh, they will soon pass away ;  
     Thy heart should feel no pain—  
     Sorrow should be in vain  
 For thy lov'd spirit, which is not of clay !

## LXXVI.

I love a song myself—it opes the heart,  
 And spends the hoarded treasures of the soul ;  
 And they who listen, by its magic art  
 Are raised sublimely o'er the world's control :  
 While mingling spirits lose their selfish chart,  
 Confessing for the time a common goal ;  
 And though we know it cannot always last,  
 We feel more human after it has pass'd.

## LXXVII.

A pity t'is we could not always sing,  
 For music so obliterates despair,  
 And woe, and danger, and the riling sting  
 Thrust deeply in by that vile coward Care,

And wives, and lives, and all that sort of thing,  
Which chills the heart and silvers o'er the hair—  
If only music might forever stay,  
'Twould kill the passion to resign this clay.

## LXXVIII.

But it must end like friendship's fleeting glow,  
And leave us in the dark to plod alone,  
Stripped to the mercy of the winds that blow—  
To which we bow, and choke the spirit's groan !  
O Pride ! indeed you are more friend than foe ;  
You smother with a smile our torture's tone.  
The heart within may sink and strive no more,  
But still thy frame stands firmer than before.

## LXXIX.

O Pride ! you are a handsome thing indeed !  
The poor upon a meal prepared by you  
Will dine, and find sufficient for their need,  
Where fat Humility would scarce get through,  
But to vile Wealth for an addition plead,  
And bear the lash of condescension too.  
O Pride ! I love you, for you aid the poor  
O'er want to triumph, or at least endure.

## LXXX.

The days sped by until young Lillio grew  
(As is the case with almost every boy),  
Restless in wond'ring what he was to do,  
And sick with his monotony of joy.  
Youth still so sweet must mingle misery too,  
Or else 'tis vapid. Sorrow must employ  
Her lights and shades to offset Pleasure's glow,  
Or else this same becomes a drag you know.

## LXXXI.

And thus his song of love grew somewhat old—  
To him at least, and so he sang of fame,  
And power, and honor, and the dazzling gold,  
Which nowadays may spoil or make a name ;

And day by day, his spirit waxing bold,  
To vain Ambition sacrificed the flame  
Which first had granted him the power of song—  
Ev'n Gratitude could not its notes prolong.

## LXXXII.

It fills the soul with a rebellion keen,  
To see how soon some mortals will forget  
The very thing which late hath dearest been,  
And fancy more the reed unproved as yet ;  
The new-found phantasy on which they lean  
Has charms to lure them to destruction's net,  
And when the soul becomes a slave, the Will  
Would teach itself the snare is charming still.

## LXXXIII.

I wish I could assign a reason for  
The transpiration of such perverse things ;  
No doubt their cause is chalked on the same score  
As that of landed lords, and dukes, and kings,  
Whose *usefulness* is part of English lore.  
(Not quite so logical when misery wrings)—  
As they'd have *us* believe, who toil and die  
To feed the pomp that never met our eye.

## LXXXIV.

I can't tell why, not being an *oracle*—  
Although my *scholarship* was never doubted  
By some who knew their Alpha beta well,  
And have for municipal honors shouted.  
I never yet have gazed on heaven or hell,  
Though duller bards have told you all about it,  
Or them,—to be precise and keep my station,  
As being a young man of sound education,

## LXXXV.

No doubt, dear reader, you will fancy I  
Am rather prone to wander. Now indeed  
I have no wish to weary those who try  
To follow me—we'll say o'er moor and mead,

And when your spirit feels inclined to cry  
Against the stanzas of no *actual* need,  
Please to remember, and oblige me still,—  
You only read them at your own free will.

## LXXXVI.

If I see fit, as this smart tale proceeds,  
To deck it with distinctions here and there,  
Or clasp upon its neck a string of beads,  
To mark it mine amid superfluous fair—  
(For poetry must have, like other creeds,  
A something novel for its special care),  
I don't think you have reason to complain,  
About a failing that works not in vain.

## LXXXVII.

Because I will maintain against the world  
That when I do digress—which happens rarely,  
I ope some scrolls which until now were furl'd,  
And they who read will be rewarded fairly;  
I do not say my manuscripts are curl'd,  
Wax'd, and moustached like an ear of barley,  
Or city dude; but that they're bright I'll swear,  
And, though not flash, original and rare.

## LXXXVIII.

Across the ocean swept the whistling blast;  
The writhing billows whirl'd themselves on high;  
Their foaming crests the tempest cut and cast  
In frenzied rage against the frowning sky.  
A vessel, stript of all save her bowmast,  
Was driving o'er the waves which thundered by  
To dash their bulk against the granite shore,  
Where she must follow, with the freight she bore.

## LXXXIX.

She was a stately craft and rode the waves  
As tho' her canvas still held up her head,  
Though every stitch was gone—the masts in staves,  
Except the bow, as I've already said.



But this avail'd not, for to certain graves,  
With threescore valiant souls, she swiftly sped ;  
In sea room she had scorn'd its angry shocks,  
But could not battle with the fatal rocks.

## XC.

Upon the beach with Lillio by her side,  
The salt spray in her eyes and o'er her hair,  
Stood Zara, while her dark eyes keenly eyed  
The fated shell, whose decks of human bare,  
With solitude the elements defied.  
Lo ! as she watched, a sudden purple glare  
Broke from her bow with hoarse, unsteady boom,  
And Zara knew the gunners spoke their doom.

## XCI.

With every blast the vessel lurched ashore,  
Leaving behind the long and steady swell  
That spoke deep water, while th' increasing roar  
Bade those on board prepare for heaven or hell !  
The billows round a rugged aspect wore,  
Being, as they shoreward tumbling sped pell-mell,  
Tripp'd, as it were, by the uprising coast  
That shoal'd beneath the balk'd and furious host.

## XCII.

Still as she came her speed grew something less ;  
The grounding waves lost their tremendous force ;  
Yet she was far from being past distress,  
For still the surges broke in clamors hoarse.  
Upon the last clear wave in helplessness  
She rose as calmly as a floating corse ;  
Then down she curv'd upon th' unyielding rock,  
Her crashing keel re-echoing the shock.

## XCIII.

The consequence of this terrific plunge  
Was, that besides the breaking of the keel,  
The mast remaining made a forward lunge,  
And the stern, dropping, snapp'd it off like steel ;

Over it went into the frothing sponge.  
 The stern swung round, permitting her to heel,  
 And there she lay, her broadside to the gale,  
 While ocean thrashed her like a mighty flail.

## XCIV.

This was about three hundred feet from land—  
 Not far from Life, but Death was trench'd between,  
 With frenzied elements at his command,  
 And nothing loth to take advantage mean  
 O'er any valiant heart whose subject hand  
 Oppos'd its fate with resolution keen.  
 To tell the truth, 'twere unavailing strife—  
 But man will struggle to the last for life.

## XCV.

Now as she lay thus grounded, a fierce wave  
 Lifted her lightly from the rocky floor,  
 And swept her onward (as intent to save),  
 Towards the beach much nearer than before.  
 A second did the same, a third less brave  
 Broke o'er her bow with a reluctant roar,  
 And carried in its might as lawful prey,  
 Half of that same above the line away.

## XCVI.

The water had already halfway filled  
 The hold, by reason of the shattered keel,  
 And those below whose hearts were sterner will'd,  
 Now struggled deckward with impassioned zeal,  
 In which attempt some certain blood was spill'd,  
 Ere those who tapped the same, would "pause to feel"  
 A "fellow-feeling," which was not the kind  
 Just then appealing to the desperate mind.

## XCVII.

Up then they scrambled like so many hounds,  
 The strongest foremost, and the weak behind;  
 The selfishness of some surpassed all bounds—  
 For dread of death will steel the human mind

Against despairing, agonized sounds,  
Vented by those of a less valorous kind.—  
Yet there were four or five who tried to save  
More than themselves from the engulfing wave.

## XCVIII.

Some reached the deck, which now lay tilted so,  
That they who reached it, could not stand upright,  
And being press'd forward by the crush below,  
Elected were to a most serious height.  
Some twenty thus were placed when a smart blow  
From a smart wave, spoiled equilibrium quite,  
And overboard they went, like so much lead,  
To feed Death who would die if never fed.

## XCIX.

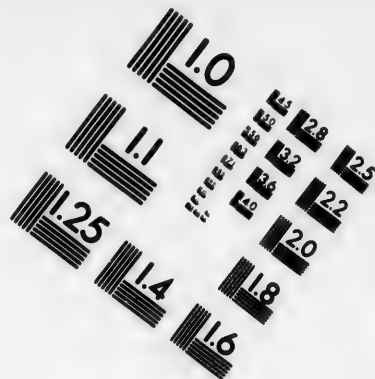
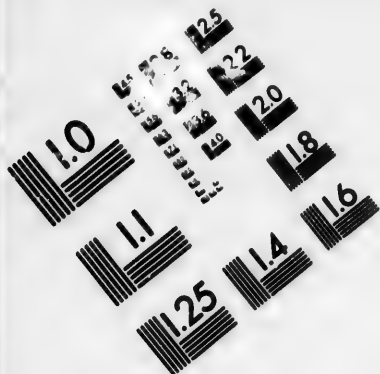
A second complement shared the same fate—  
Ordnained by heaven, no doubt, to perish here ;  
Their resignation was most truly great,  
For some saw friends go o'er without a tear,  
Nor shrank from bearing up life's dreadful weight,  
E'en when Death roar'd his freedom in their ear ;  
No doubt these wished to spare their friends the woe  
Of seeing their loved ones as the first to go.

## C.

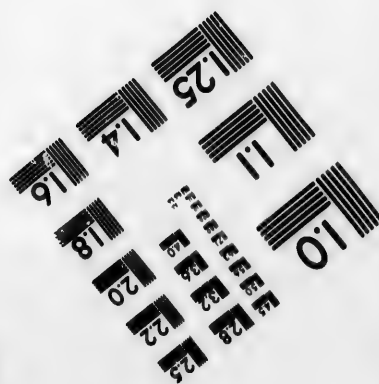
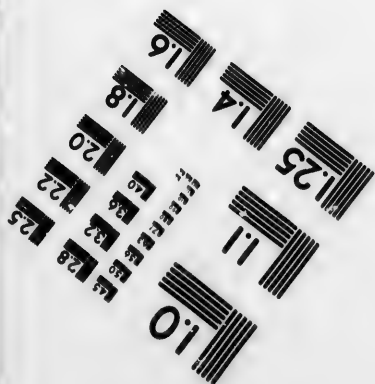
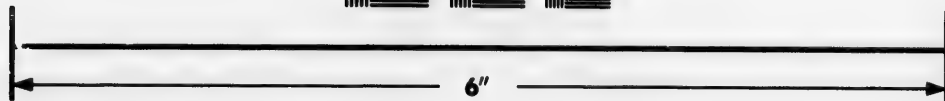
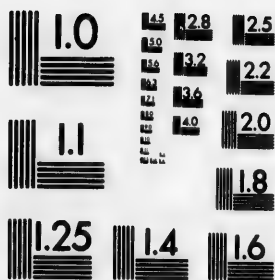
The waters made the most of their dread power,  
For all had been swept off excepting three,  
Whose wisdom I may say was somewhat slow'r,  
Or *low'r* than that of those now in the sea ;  
These clung around the hatch, tho' their last hour  
Was deemed by them upon sick pay to be ;  
They also fancied its insurance lost,  
And its interment at the Beni's cost.

## CI.

The sea still roared as though unsatisfied  
In its relentless craving, while the waves  
Dashed o'er the valiant three in angry pride,  
Whose actions dared to speak of *earthly* graves.



# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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But 'twas in vain they clung, the breaking tide  
Swept them from their support, to where *mon braves*  
Were forced to struggle in the vessel's lee,  
To keep their mortal mouths above the sea.

## CII.

But two of these, by hunger, cold, and pain,  
Were so benumbed, that nature soon gave o'er,  
And down they sank, and never rose again—  
Their only requiem, the loud ocean's roar.  
The one whom fate still granted to retain  
His strength, struck calmly out to reach the shore.  
This Presbyterian told me that the tide  
Had saved him, even if he had not tried !

## CIII.

And here's the corner-stone of the elect—  
Their faith produces such a placid mind  
That even when all certain aid is wreck'd,  
They stand upon the remnant quite resign'd.  
And so they're often saved by this respect ;  
For calmness is a power that can find  
In obstacles an aid which, well applied,  
May save its life where Passion's would have died.

## CIV.

Upon the shore at length the stranger lay,  
While o'er him bent the young and tender pair,  
In soft solicitude, and gazing, they  
Saw that his locks were softly streaked with care,  
Or toil, or age ; his eyes of sparkling grey,  
Both keen and tender in expression were ;  
His bearded lips were curved by wit and mirth,  
Which spoke the man an Irishman by birth.

## CV.

His frame was cast within perfection's mould ;  
Apollo by him, could but slightly boast,  
Altho' he was not now, much to behold,  
And his life seemed as if 'twould soon be lost ;

O'er his bright eye oblivion's shadow roll'd,  
So long upon the wave he had been tossed,  
And though he had much faith, his Irish heart  
Could not unmourned let all it loved depart.

## CVI.

Then Zara, who most womanlike now wept,  
Motioned to Lillio, and together they  
Carried his form into the cave where slept  
The blue-eyed lad on one remembered day ;  
And laying him upon the couch, they wrapt  
His listless limbs in furs both warm and gray,  
While on the hearth a most reviving flame  
Shed out its warmth upon the weakened frame.

## CVII.

He rallied quickly, and some rosy wine  
Being brought, he drank it, and for dinner he  
Was served some *pommes de terre*, which I divine  
Meaneth potatoes, but in French you see—  
A nobler name thus beareth that poor vine  
Whose bulbous roots to Pat's existence be  
A most momentous matter, and withdrawn,  
Would leave poor Erin scarce to dine upon.

## CVIII.

Anon he slept—the only one whom morn  
Would wake again of that ill-fated crew,  
And sad the dawning for this soul forlorn,  
Which would but greet him with things strangely new.  
No fond familiar eye would kindling burn,  
And meet him, sparkling like the morning dew ;  
And his fond heart must stifle each desire,  
Or burn to ashes in its yearning fire.

## CIX.

No more within his heart the morning's glow  
Would fill its pulses with her subtle joy ;  
No more his loved one with her voice so low,  
Fling o'er his soul the freshness of a boy ;



No more his babe upon his knee would crow ;  
 No more the sweets of *home* would he enjoy—  
 The gentle spring would deck old Erin's main  
 With brightest green—for him 'twould be in vain !

## CX.

Here for the present I must say adieu  
 To him, to heroine, and hero too ;  
 A hundred and more stanzas are no few,  
 And take a time most serious to get through.  
 In one more canto, gentle reader, you  
 Will have the tale complete, if I speak true ;  
 And to chime in with the majority  
 I write down in italics this : *To be*

## CXI.

*Continued*, and in its developement  
 The reader will unread a plot most rare,  
 And see the most artistic habiliment  
 That Tragedy e'er wore to stiffen hair !  
*Buy the next Issue's*, plainly what is meant  
 By this blood-curdling—confidential air,  
 And if you wish the poem's price to shun,  
 Your neighbour's copy will serve more than one.

## CXII.

This poem is merely an experiment,  
 So all its faults the reader will excuse ;  
 The tone is simply a sad merriment  
 That aims to strike conventional abuse—  
 The style original is very, bent  
 No doubt, to plague each old heroic goose ;  
 But if the *Young Progressive* read, I care  
 Not half a copper how the Old may swear !

## CXII.

In the next *Canto* I intend to state  
 Some certain things concerning our dominion,  
 And will review some leaders titled *great*—  
 Which greatness seems a matter of opinion.  
 Meantime, ye auctioneers of our estate,  
 Be not so fast to make us of the Union ;  
 Our people still prefer the rule of mother,  
 To being bullied by a giant brother.



## CXIV.

And all ye statesmen that from year to year  
 Dream out your lives at Canada's expense,  
 Your genius sure could find employment here,  
 Without careering o'er the Yankee fence.  
 For that bright jewel's\* sake—your optics clear ;  
 Pull up your stakes, and march for Commonsense,  
 For if you take the *Union* as a whole,  
 They have as much as they can well control.

## CXV.

I'll say upon this head just now, no more,  
 Because, besides abjuring politics,  
 I have no wish at present, to ensure—  
 As my finances have been playing tricks.  
 And should the *Annexationists* procure  
 My death, some *few* would be in a bad fix.  
 But do not be alarmed, for bye and bye  
 I'll say my say, and mention, too, the *why*.

## CXVI.

Then farewell all, and Zara, dear, good bye !  
 We'll meet again, if Fate her shaft delays,  
 Beneath the influence of a warmer sky,  
 Or mid the storm—it matters not. Our ways  
 Are mortal, and if rough we will not cry,  
 If smooth we'll calmly take our share of praise—  
 Whatever comes we'll meet it as the brave  
 Do trophied *Victory*, or triumphant *Grave* !

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\* "Consistency thou art a jewel—HAMLET."